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THE TRÈ GIULI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

G. B. CASTI.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OTHER WORKS.

"A Dun,
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aërial citadel ascends." PHILIPS.

LONDON:
JOHN HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.
1826.

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1902

DEDICATION.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MY DEAR PUBLIC!

Albeit without permission, I dedicate my book to you. It is a scurvy book as to volume, I know, and little worth acceptance: but you are, it is acknowledged on all hands, a "judicious Public," and will not estimate merit by dimensions: had I not been assured of this, I would have presented it to you in Quarto. You are moreover a "reading Public;" and will therefore look into a work that is dedicated to you, which an individual might not think it incumbent on him to do; an additional reason for chusing you as my patron. Besides which I live in a garret: how therefore can I know any body in the nether world sufficiently well to laud the talents and virtues they

would naturally possess in that character? whereas, yours being already established, I have only to appeal to yourselves for an account of them, thus reciprocally sparing our blushes.

This is intended in all seriousness: but should it excite a smile, here on the threshold as it were of our acquaintance, I shall hail it as a favourable augury of improvement as we advance to the "*medias res*" of our subject; for it is altogether of a cachinnatory nature, and should be taken up only with congenial feelings.

But the TRE GIULI has a higher claim to your notice, however it is but a lean Octavo and a Translation to boot: it has a large view to the Commercial embarrassments under which you at present unhappily suffer; and, without going into abstruse speculations on political economy, it enters practically in the matter of finance, with especial reference to the case of Debtor and Creditor (in which relation it is presumed you pretty generally stand one to another), recommending mutual charity and forbearance.

Should in fact, in these sordid matters, subtraction produce the usual remains of discontent on

the one hand, or on the other an indiscreet importunity occasion dissatisfaction, nothing is so likely to restore good humour—if not good understanding—between the parties, as a perusal of the TRE GIULI, which indeed may be considered a never-failing Bank to be drawn upon under such circumstances: moreover with this in your pocket you can never be without money.

Then please to accept the same

from,

My dear Public!

Your ever devoted

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

* *

London. * * *au 5me:*
April * * 1826.

ERRATA.

Page		line	
xv	—	21	*for* Elizabeth *read* Catharine.
xx	—	22	*for* so as *read* so placed as.
xxi	—	5	*dele* the.
xxviii	—	21	*for* frightful *read* faithful.
Sonnet 39	—	9	*for* let's make *read* let's have.
45	—	6	*for* converse did *read* did converse.
46	—	8	*for* to *read* for.
52	—	7	*dele* an s in disspread.
73	—	6	*for* one's *read* ones'.
95	—	9	*for* when Rome first *read* tho' when Rome.
	—	14	*for* And *read* Yet.
101	—	12	*for* me *read* them.
127	—	12	*for* did *read* didst.
129	—	11	*for* mist *read* misst.
167	—	14	*for* devil *read* demon.
171	—	4	*for* blade *read* mead.

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TO THE READER.

It was my intention to preface this version of the Tre Giuli with a biography of the author and a review of his other works, but circumstances have induced me for the present to lay this plan aside: I had already made some progress in its execution, when I perceived that it would lead me to a much greater length than I had contemplated, and, instead of merely serving to usher in the present piece, would make it altogether of minor interest: moreover it would have compelled me to assume a tone of gravity not here well coupled with the gay, and to mingle seriousness with what is desired should be altogether lively. Therefore, putting off that weightier task to some other opportunity and more suitable place, we will confine ourselves now to just so brief a mention of our poet as will put us in possession of the leading events of his life and productions of his Muse.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

G. B. CASTI.

G. B. Casti was born about 1720: but his birth-place is not ascertained; neither is there any account of his origin nor early years. From boyhood he was educated for the church at the collegiate seminary of Montefiascone,* where he made so rapid a progress as to be chosen a Belles Lettres Professor at the age of sixteen. He subsequently obtained a canonry in the same church; which was the utmost of his clerical preferment; but he

* Montefiascone is a small town in the Papal States between Sienna and Rome. It has hitherto been noted only for its wine, a species of Muscadel, which most of our tourists have tasted and approved: henceforth it will be renowned as a fount of genuine Hippocrene.

later adopted the generic title of Abbate, by which he continued to be known through after life.

Casti did not discover any early attachment to the Muses: he was turned of forty before at least making public any poetical effusions: the piece, of which a translation is here given, was his first: he published the TRE GIULI in 1762, and with all the success that might have been expected from so sprightly and amusing a performance: it added considerably to the number of his friends, and gave him at once a name in the poetical literature of Italy. Induced, as it would seem, by a distaste for the clerical profession, and a desire to see foreign countries, in 1765 he quitted Montefiascone altogether, to seek his fortune in another walk of life. He went to Florence, where he presently obtained the office of Court Poet to the Grand Duke Leopold. Fortune seemed to have taken him at once by the hand: the Emperor Joseph II. coming to Florence soon afterwards, distinguished our laureate by his favourable notice, and carried him to Vienna in his suite.* Here he

* In Mr. Kelly's Reminiscences, lately published, Casti is made to have become known to Joseph II. only at Vienna circa 1785; but this must be erroneous, as all the foreign accounts of his life coincide in referring that event to the date above given.

soon grew into general favour; and was particularly noticed by the celebrated Prince Kaunitz, whose son he accompanied on several diplomatic missions, though not in any specific character, which enabled him to see most of the Courts of Europe under very favourable circumstances, and gratified the desire for travel he had so long entertained. Meanwhile he cultivated his poetic talents, however not to the best advantage either for the world or his own reputation, for at this time he began his *Novelle* or Tales in Verse, which are of a character that entirely forbids their perusal to modest eyes. In 1778 he went to Petersburgh, whether alone or not does not appear, but at all events he was very flatteringly received by the Empress, whose civilities did not subsequently meet with that return she perhaps expected. During his stay here he composed a satirical piece, to which he gave the name of *Poema Tartaro:* it is a poem of twelve cantos, in *ottava rima*, descriptive of the court of Elizabeth and its manners; but which he only published some years afterwards on his return to Vienna. This work is of small merit; nevertheless it raised a terrible storm against him in the north, to avoid which, at the instance of Joseph II., he made a visit to

Constantinople, by sea, of which voyage a short account written by himself was published in Italy a few years ago. The outcry having subsided, he went back to Vienna, where he continued under the protection of his imperial patron, who employed him occasionally on dramatic compositions* for the Court Opera, of which five have since been printed, all in the mock-heroic style. He remained there during the reign of his old master Leopold, who does not however seem to have distinguished him with any particular favour.

On the accession of the present Emperor Francis, Casti obtained the Court-Laurel, which had been vacant by the death of Metastasio since 1782. In 1796 he left Vienna entirely; and after remaining during the succeeding year in Italy, in 1798 he removed to Paris, where he finally established his residence. He now wholly occupied himself about the work to which he chiefly owes his celebrity, namely, his *Animali Parlanti*.† He had

* One of these, "*Il Re Teodoro in Venezia*," chiefly owing to the music of Paisello, had a great run on the continent at the time of its production. Another, "*La Grotta di Trofonio*," was brought out under some alterations at Drury Lane in 1791.

† This is indeed a great performance, but unfortunately in some degree liable to censure for want of delicacy. It is called an Epic Poem, of twenty-four cantos in *sesta rima*, relat-

begun it before leaving Vienna; and in two years more he brought it to a conclusion. After the publication of that poem he turned his mind again to his *Novelle*, and put forth a new edition of the eighteen he had written in Germany as above-said: to these he now added thirty more, in the same vicious style; but they were only posthumously printed. This work was his last: he died on the 16th of February 1804, when, though at an advanced age, appearances seemed yet to promise him many years of life.

Besides the pieces already mentioned, there has appeared since his death a volume of lyrical poems; but they are of comparatively small merit: passion, as exhibited in the softer affections, was not Casti's *fort*: his talent lay in the ridicule, and an agreeable irony, to which he brought great learning, sound judgment, and an inexhaustible invention and humour: it cannot be too much regretted that in lighter points his taste was not of a more severe nature.

ing the civil revolutions that took place in the animal kingdom at some time anterior to the deluge not precisely ascertained. As may be supposed, it is a political satire, whose shafts are chiefly aimed at tyrants, conquerors, and cheats; and otherwise, it breathes nothing but peace and good-will towards men.

A partial version of it in English has been published by Mr. Rose. And there is a very good prose translation in French.

We are now to speak of the piece before us, which I would fain hope may tell its own story, or rather apologize for itself: that is—the English version; for as to the original, it may boldly invite attention and challenge any criticism.

The TRE GIULI is a succession of Sonnets, independent of one another—yet all forming one series, on the subject of a debt to the amount of that sum* unfortunately incurred by the Poet to a merciless Creditor: in these he exercises his fancy in all imaginable means, either to refuse, pacify, flatter, entreat, put off, alarm, or evade his Dun; lamenting his misfortune and so on; which he does with wonderful ingenuity, without ever flagging or exhausting his matter, through the two hundred of which it is composed.† In a *jeu d'esprit* of so playful a nature, it is of little import whether the parties be suppositious or not: yet it appears to have originated in fact, as the

* A Julius (the same with the present Paulo of Italy) is worth about a groat English. See note to S. 164.

† The first edition of the Trè Giuli contained 216 Sonnets; republications of which have appeared at different times since, and are generally very incorrect: but the author was subsequently induced to revise the whole, and retrench their number to the 200 here given. The Editor of that (*Napoli*. 1814) from which this translation is made, asserts it to be printed from a corrected copy in the author's own hand.

poet relates in the preface to the first edition of the work, from a friend of his good-humouredly dunning him for some trifling balance paid to his debit in a country excursion.* They who have read the *Trè Giuli*† in Italian, will perhaps not care to see how it looks in an English dress: and for those who understand the language well, but

TO FACE PAGE XIX.

A Reprint of the Trè Giuli, in the Original, from the Naples Edition of 1814 *newly corrected, is in course of publication.*

tinual interruption from calls on his risible emotions. I may be thought to exaggerate from its

* In that most interesting of all biographies, the Life of the great sovereign—Pope Sixtus V., there is an anecdote about Three Giuli, that may have occupied our author's mind.

† As these words will frequently be found transposed in our version, it may be well to say—that this liberty is authorised by the original, and by the genius of its language, which in most cases admits such inversion of both the adjective and adverb.

effect on myself; but indeed I fear to say how much and often it has amused me in reiterated perusals during more years than one that my version has been on the anvil. Why the feline race is thought to be the most unsusceptible of that exhilarating sensation I know not; but am quite sure that—in familiar phrase—the TRE GIULI would make a cat laugh. Neither has the poet entirely lost sight of what might ennoble the indulgence of this vulgar propensity; for, though he does not aim at the "*miscuit utile dulci*," as precept would here have been misplaced, he mingles very aptly and agreeably with his *badinage* allusions both classical* and scientific.

As some of our readers may not have a distinct idea of the Sonnet, it will be well briefly to state that the poem so called is one arbitrary in its construction and absolute in its rules: it consists of fourteen lines; subdivided in two quatrains or stanzas of four lines, and two tiercets or three line stanzas: the quatrains are to have but two similar rhymes, alternate or successive, but so as neither to begin nor end with a couplet: the tiercets may

* It has been thought better not to swell the notes with an explanation of all these, as books of reference are always at hand, should his recollections fail the reader.

have two or three rhymes, at pleasure, arranged in any way save three successive couplets. These are the established laws of the Sonnet (unalterable as those that regulated the lives of the Medes and and the Persians) on which we will not here indulge in any commentary, content to exemplify them with our obedience, having adhered to the prescribed form under the above modifications.

It has been confidently said, and accordingly repeated by such as avoid the labour of thinking for themselves, that the genius of our language is incompatible with the Sonnet: but, to give a short word to this question, I venture to think that such a decision has been come to only by those who have examined it superficially, or failed in producing evidence to the contrary: that this form of verse presents great difficulties is undeniable; but it is not less true that they may be surmounted; and as there are not wanting instances wherein these have been successfully overcome, it seems more just to impute the frequent failures rather to want of skill or industry, than to any radical inaptitude of our poetical idiom. Of this perhaps more anon.

It only remains to speak of our translation, for which we merely lay claim to the merit of fidelity,

conceiving that to be the chief praise of any such performance, and having spared no study to express our author's thoughts in English words as closely as the respective idioms would admit: yet, in exception to this general view, we hope not to be condemned for having in two or three instances* (all that seemed to require it) ventured to alter his ideas, where allusions occurred that might be deemed irreverent, herein following St. Jerome's excellent precept.† There is one great source of drollery in the original, that is absolutely untranslatable in this or any other language, namely, its being written throughout in *versi tronchi*, or truncated verse, (were not the term somewhat homely, "nicked" would express it perhaps with still more clearness) that is—every line ending with a word accented on the last syllable, which has an effect indescribably ludicrous in Italian, (where such are wholly excluded from all legitimate poetry) particularly so when the sense corresponds to the comical effect they produce.

The only sound that might be supposed to cause a similar sensation in English verse is our "double

* Sonnets 124-5 and 163.

† "Quod malum est muta: quod bonum est prode."—*Epist: ad Ruff:*

rhyme"* (by the way a very loose term for what it means), but this only approaches it very remotely, and that merely on account of its infrequency: the *versi tronchi* seem, while they entertain the ear with a novel and odd sound, to surprise the mind by giving an entire sense, while—from the abruptness of the termination—it appears to have left it incomplete: on the contrary, our "double rhyme" rather prolongs the sound after the sense has been received. This little exposition will, I hope, soften the reader's disappointment, should he find our version even much below what our account of the original may have led him to expect. Moreover, what but must suffer from travestiture in another tongue? To repeat an elegant comparison, it is like pouring off a perfume from one vessel into another, where, if ever so carefully done, its fragrance must in part evaporate in the transfusion. But let us hope our TRE GIULI will prove an essential oil—an *Eau de mille fleurs*—that may allow a few odours to evanesce, with abundance still remaining agreeably to stimulate the sense, and above all, to pro-

* This is in fact the *verso piano*, or regular rhyme of the Italians, the final syllable of which being cut off, makes the *tronco*.

mote the moral end in view—of holding up to merited odium the obnoxious persons who consider themselves warranted in requiring reimbursement of advances from those opprest subjects whose want of "effects" may well justify the irritability imputed to the *Genus Vatum*.

BURTHEN OF THE SONNETS.

Sonnet		Page
1.	The Poet opens his subject.	3
2.	Compelled to sing his debt, he compares himself to Homer.	4
3.	Invokes his Muse, rejecting fiction and fable.	5
4.	Song elicited from him by his Dun—by collision.	6
5.	Appeals to Horace—change in his poetic themes.	7
6.	Hopes favour from novelty, if nothing else.	8
7.	The whole world cannot match his Dun.	9
8.	Compares his Dun and himself to musical instruments.	10
9.	In distress, he deprecates all charity from his Dun.	11
10.	Declares he 'll make his Dun hang himself.	12
11.	Complains of being perpetually haunted by him.	13
12.	Continues his complaint, requesting his Dun to leave him.	14
13.	Thinks his Dun would follow him even to the moon.	15
14.	Determines to expatriate himself, though sure of being followed every where by his Creditor	16
15.	Supposes his Dun is drawn to him by attraction.	17
16.	Wishes to be relieved of his torments, like Orestes.	18
17.	Quits the town—but is compelled by his Dun to return.	19
18.	The Tiber desires him to sing about his Creditor.	20
19.	His Dun goes on a journey, which greatly rejoices him.	21
20.	Prays for fine weather till his Dun get a good way off—then that storms and hurricanes may come down upon him.	22

Sonnet		Page
21.	Wishes his Dun may be taken by the Turks.	23
22.	Compares himself to a besieged town.	24
23.	Receives a dunning letter from his Creditor.	25
24.	Says his Creditor's letter is arsenic to him.	26
25.	Likens himself to a truant schoolboy.	27
26.	Compares his circumstances to those of Priam.	28
27.	Cautions persons against such a Creditor as his.	29
28.	The Muse excited to sing by his Dun.	30
29.	Being wont formerly to boast of his stoicalness, says that his debt has quite changed his character	31
30.	Complains—not of his debt—but his Dun.	32
31.	Supposes his Creditor may dun him mechanically.	33
32.	Tells him he is a "dunning machine."	34
33.	Relates how he contracted his debt.	35
34.	His debt absorbs every other thought.	36
35.	Enumerates the evils of life—consummated by debt.	37
36.	Envies a child—for having no Creditor.	38
37.	Sings—seeing it is in vain to grieve.	39
38.	Laments that he is not a bird—that he might fly off.	40
39.	Promises his Dun he'll pay him—when he have money.	41
40.	Wishes he had Gyges' ring, to make himself invisible to him.	42
41.	Accounts for his Dun's perseverance against him.	43
42.	Cares nothing about foreign news, but only about his debt.	44
43.	Quotes Menenius and the Plebeians of Rome.	45
44.	Thinks, if he had any children, they would resemble his Dun, from his being perpetually haunted by him.	46
45.	His Dun appears to him in a dream.	47
46.	Reasons with his Creditor on the uselessness of dunning him.	48
47.	Regrets there is not a periodical extinction of debt.	49
48.	Compares his debt to some excruciating pain.	50
49.	Deplores the interminable plague of his Dun.	51
50.	His debt haunts his imagination everywhere.	52
51.	Complains of being dunned by the echo of his own voice.	53
52.	Compares his debt to the Perpetual Motion.	54

Sonnet Page
53. Says that he entered on his grand climacteric the day his Creditor lent him the Trè Giuli. 55
54. Implores oblivion to let him forget his debt. . . . 56
55. Deprecates Sleep, if accompanied with dreams. . . 57
56. Compares himself to a Mariner dreaming of storms. . 58
57. Accounts for his constantly dreaming of his Dun. . 59
58. Explains the occupation of his brain by his debt. . 60
59. Complains of the constant presence of his Dun. . 61
60. Wishes he could get a keg of Lethe's water for him. . 62
61. Laments the "good old times" previous to the existence of Duns, Writs, and I. O. Us. 63
62. Nothing in the world can let him forget his debt. . 64
63. Anticipates the recollection of his debt in old age. . 65
64. Desires a Painter to take his Creditor's picture. . . 66
65. Says the Hungarian Soldiers did not frighten him so much as does his Creditor. 67
66. Complains that he uses him worse than would a Barbary Pirate use his slave. 68
67. Says that he is more inflexible than the Seasons. . . 69
68. Desire he will have done teasing him, as he has not a rod of Moses to draw money from him. 70
69. Thinks that there may be some effluvia about himself, that his Dun smells a mile or two off. 71
70. Says his Dun worries him all the same, though the world's end is evidently drawing near. 72
71. Tells him that "Charity begins at home," so he must wait. 73
72. Says that his debt, though in itself small, is enormous from his Creditor's always dunning him for it. . . . 74
73. He cannot possibly avoid him in so small a town. . 75
74. His friend Ergastes' letter gives him unwonted comfort. . 76
75. His health is excellent, but dis debt makes him very ill. . 77
76. Declares that he will immediately quit the country, to avoid the hated presence of his Dun. 78
77. Thinks that the climate operates upon Creditors. . . 79

Sonnet		Page
78.	Says his own Creditor is pre-eminent among them all. .	80
79.	Asks a friend for some logical argument to show his Dun the uselessness of worrying him.	81
80.	Desires his friend to send him Three Giuli, and particularly to post-pay the letter.	82
81.	Tells him that the ridding him of his debt would be an act of supreme virtue.	83
82.	He buys a ticket in the lottery, but it turns up a blank.	84
83.	Ill-luck attends him again, but he has done all he can. .	85
84.	Regrets there is no truth in the Black Art, or he would use it to pay his Dun.	86
85.	Is convinced he draws his Creditor to him by attraction.	87
86.	Desires the solution of this phenomenon—as there is no affinity whatever between them. . . .	88
87.	Says the Giuli Trè offers the only possible explanation.	89
88.	Thinks the Devil tells his Dun where to find him. .	90
89.	Declares his Dun is ubiquitous in his pursuit of him. .	91
90.	His Dun frightens him, like the sight of the hangman does a condemned culprit.	92
91.	Declares that his Dun plagues him alike at all seasons. .	93
92.	Tells him he is a most frightful—but plaguy Dun. .	94
93.	Says that people little guess the cause of his sadness. .	95
94.	Desires his friends to prove themselves so—by paying his debt, which he will acknowledge. . . .	96
95.	Reminds them of the antient custom on such occasions.	97
96.	He can solve no question of his Dun's—but about his debt.	98
97.	Misleads him by an unusual appearance of expense. .	99
98.	Thinks that money has some affinity with the blood. .	100
99.	He can cure himself of every disease but his debt. .	101
100.	Having escaped from his Dun, every noise alarms him. .	102
101.	Imagines the surprise of people at the pole (had he and his Creditor been there) who should hear a voice dunning them when it thaws.	103
102.	Thinks his lot the hardest of all mankind's. . .	104
103.	Declares—as he has no money—his Dun shall never get it.	105

Sonnet Page
104. Thinks, even if he had wings to fly, his Dun would follow him on the Devil's back. 106
105. Says, the poorer he is, the more his Dun worries him. . 107
106. Compares his debt to Paris' mischievous golden apple. . 108
107. Thinks him a highly-gifted man who can refuse his Dun. 109
108. Deprecates the stocks and stones learning to dun him, as his Creditor does. 110
109. He is become case-hardened against his Dun. . . 111
110. Laments his Dun's eccentrical—as frequent recurrence. 112
111. Tells him he would bear his debt better if he plagued him less for it. 113
112. Says he is grown insensible to his importunities. . 114
113. Tells how his Dun attacks him when off his guard. . 115
114. He vows a thanks-offering to Heaven if he can on any terms get rid of his Creditor. . . . 116
115. Tells him his persecution is bad policy as well as cruel. 117
116. Some music he hears makes him forgetful of his debt. . 118
117. No creature is ever so frightened, as he is when his Creditor comes to dun him. 119
118. Says his Creditor's visits have only his money in view. 120
119. Thinks "Platonic Love" quite as improbable a thing as the payment of his debt. 121
120. Tells his Dun that no annoyances can be compared to him. 122
121. All that he desires of Heaven is—riddance of his Dun. 123
122. Wishes he could find the Philosopher's stone, therewithal to pay his debt. 124
123. The importunities of his Dun have occasioned his song. 125
124. Thinks there were no Duns in David's time, as he has not mentioned them to be curst. 126
125. Relates a frightful dream he has had. . . . 127
126. Declares he 'll turn hermit, and always deny himself to his Dun should he come to call upon him. . . 128
127. Finds a proof of the Soul's immortality in his being continually dunned by his Creditor. . . . 129

Sonnet Page
128. Says his Language should be called the Tongue of "No." 130
129. Says his Dun perseveres in attempting impossibilities with him—asking him for money. . . . 131
130. Wishes his Dun could have the gold-transmuting power of Midas, not to plague him any longer. . . 132
131. Says the Quadrature of the Circle may be found, but never money on him. 133
132. Wishes he had Astolfo's horn, to drive his Dun away. . 134
133. Deplores the inefficacy of learning, art, or science, all equally in vain to pay his debt. . . . 135
134. Says his Dun is learning to speak French, in order to overreach him in that language. . . . 136
135. Thinks his Creditor would continue to dun him, if he were ever so rich. 137
136. Says that all diseases may be relieved, but his debt is incurable and aggravated by his Dun. . . 138
137. Supposes that his Dun's importunity is an "innate quality" and constitutional in him. . . . 139
138. Consoles himself by reflecting he can't be arrested for his debt by reason of its smallness. . . . 140
139. Tells his Dun to despair of ever recovering his money. 141
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PREFATORY SONNET

BY WAY OF

PROLOGUE.

COME ye, with poverty's besetting sin,
All ye that are in debt, and can't defray;
And ye that love a laughter-moving lay!
The generous Muse relieves your wants herein.
Insolvent tho' ye be of groat or grin,
Here shall ye find a wherewithal to pay;
Here raise a laugh, or raise the wind, ye may;
In either case assured to laugh or win.
Sure nobler theme than this was never sung!
THREE GROATS here are, from Italy that come,
On which are full two hundred changes rung,
Henceforth made current coin in England's tongue:
Her "Splendid Shilling"'s not a greater sum;
But read, and ye'll allow they're worth a plum.

THE TRÈ GIULI.

SONNETS.

I.

LET others sing his pious deeds and bold,
And wars, Æneas did in Latium wage,
Whence empire and the city rose, of old,
That to the world gave laws in after age:
The feats of mighty Kings let these unfold;
A pleasing face, or beauty, those engage;—
Far other tales must by the Muse be told:
Nor dreadful Mars nor Love employs her page:
This is the subject matter of my lay—
Chrysophilus me once Trè Giuli lent,
And asked me for an hundred times a day;
He kept on asking, and I would not pay:
And this importunate Dun 'tis my intent
In various fashion here to represent.

II.

If in my youth, ambitious then of fame,
In my more verdant and vivacious age,
The deeds and virtues did my song engage,
Of heroes worthy an eternal name,—
My thoughts and mood henceforth no more the same,
No longer let me gravely act the sage,
But sing the woes my Dun inflicts (to assuage),
From that day he my Creditor became.
Thus the great bard of Greece: when, justly prized,
(If to great instances one may compare
Things that to such great types unequal are)
Ulysses' name he had immortalised,
And feats in Phrygia that Achilles wrought,
He sung about the Frogs and Mice who fought.

III.

Hence dreams, or fables, hence! others before
Have sung, while poesy their bosoms warmed,
How Jove, in bull and golden shower transformed,
Agenor and Acrisius wronged of yore;
And far-famed Grecian youth, from Colchis' shore
That brought the golden fleece Æetes charmed;
And regal bird, tho' angry Juno stormed,
That erst the beauteous boy to Olympus bore.
Armida's or Alcinous' fabled tales
Others have told; and honour waits the one
That with the greatest falsehood truth conceals:
Hence dreams or fables hence! from me begone,
Meanwhile the Muse relates in artless lay
The genuine story of the Giuli Trè.

IV.

Who would believe that hard and arid stone,
Which hath no principle of light nor heat,
Doth in itself inactive fires secrete
With luminous existence of their own!
For if against another it be thrown,
Or else with steel repeatedly be beat,
A stream of sparks burst forth whene'er they meet,
At every stroke that is directed on.
With his entreaties thus, by many a stroke,
Within my breast, the dormant seeds of song
The Creditor of the Trè Giuli woke;
Whence soon a flame ignited clear and strong,
Till, burning round him vividly and bright,
Poetic Farthing-candles it did light.

V.

Time was an ardent thirst for noble fame
Within my heart I felt, whence glorious things
I hoped might come to pass, that on the wings
Of Time one day should tell the world my name;
And wished, my bosom warmed with generous flame,
To sing of arms—of Warriors—Chiefs—and Kings:
When this to other themes attuned my strings,
And made me for Trè Giuli change my aim.
But if such great designs did then inspire
With wish for glory, others move me now—
Works that can hope no glory to acquire:
Oh here, my Horace! help me, asking how—
The while an Amphora they were about,
Turning the lathe, a pipkin issues out?

VI.

Without that pleasing and sublimest gift,
That but to few and seldom Heaven gave,
How shall I to that lofty sphere me lift,
Where noble souls alone to soar can crave?
Hence, if its bounties with penurious thrift
Heaven hath endowed me with, nor wings I have
Wherewith by flight tó rise, I must make shift
To tune as best I may my present stave:
And if, since there the world run most, where are
The most ingenious whimsies altho' false,
Nor Truth will naked show herself and bare,
Thence have I hoped, should there be nothing else
To recommend the Giuli Trè than these,—
Perhaps the charms of novelty may please.

VII.

'Mong those whose skin is by the Sun embrowned
From frozen Lapland take thy devious way;
And thence, where Phœbus runs his nightly round,
Pursue, till where he sheds his morning ray:
Deep in antiquity's abyss profound
With eager eyes explore; and then survey
Through every former age's ample bound,
Till gradually thou reach to our own day:
To history or fable next advert,
For its relation of the various things
Performed by Chieftains, Emperors, and Kings:
And, Dun o'th' Giuli Trè! I dare assert
One shall not find in any age or part
So troublesome a fellow as thou art.

X.

My Creditor has nought to wonder at,
If, to his summons for the Giuli Trè,
He always hears from me an answer—that
Is of the self-same kind and quality:
Like one, who constantly should sound *A* flat
Upon the hautboy or the organ, may
Expect the instrument to utter what
Will be the note that answers to flat *A*.
Thus every time my Creditor this way
One similar question makes me undergo,
He hears one similar tone responsive to:
Yet his Trè Giuli still I do not pay;
And, should he ask me an hundred times a day,
He'd hear an hundred times the self-same "No."

IX.

Should Heaven afflict me with the most severe
And dire adversities that could oppress,
And that obliged to beg my bread I were
About the town barefoot and breechesless,—
Oh Creditor o'th' Giuli Trè! I swear—
That with indomitable cheerfulness,
Rather than ask an alms of thee, I'd bear
The most austere necessity's excess:
For I have known too long, from all the pain
My debt till now continues to impart,
What an unfeeling Creditor thou art:
Since every one must in his mind retain
His origin of ills; and where before
The ass has stumbled, he will trip no more.

X.

I have told thee good an hundred times and more
This same irrefutable truth, which is—
That in my books from some time past to this
The race of coppers is extinct and o'er:
Yet, notwithstanding that, thou wilt me bore
With thy insufferable importunities,
And pityless dost no occasion miss
Those cursed Giuli Trè to dun me for.
Perhaps thou wouldest drive me to despair,
And make me hang myself, that thou might'st spy
With halter round my neck depend in air?
But no—I ne'er will pay thee, that I swear:
And in like manner thee I'll mortify,
That rather thou shalt hang thyself, not I.

XI.

Whether of lovely Nymphs I be the guest,
That entertain me with their playful talk;
Or take unseen my solitary walk,
Where noise nor tumult enters to molest;
When Orient hails the Sun, or in the West
When Ocean waters quench his fiery track,
Those Giuli Trè still haunt my mind, and balk
My heart continually of joy and rest:
His hateful likeness, who has ever been
The troubler of my peace, and evil star,
Is always in my eyes as if there seen;
A likeness that to me is uglier far,
And causes me more terror, dread, and evil,
Than if 'twere Asmodeus or the Devil.

XII.

Let folks say what they will: here is the man—
My dear Chrysophilus—and in good state
Of bodily health—as ever fresh and fat,
And self-same humour as it always ran:
Who want to find him—night or day they can
By coming where I be, they're sure of that,
Who has no other business to be at
Than his Trè Giuli—his unceasing plan.
But hold thy tongue this once, in pity's sake:
For, 'pon my soul! thou'rt such a horrid bore,
Thou'dst dry up Azoph or the Nubian lake.
This once do get thee from me far away;
Nor ever come back hither any more
To plague me with thy cursed Giuli Trè.

XIII.

I do protest I cannot tell if from
This world to that a span may intervene:
I don't assert, nor do I think with some,
There's a plurality of worlds terrene:
Nor if there be a mortal race, to whom
Our father Adam has not parent been,
Wanting our laws to regulate their doom:
Nor if the Moon be peopled do I ween:
But, were it true, I'd covet to obtain
A residence aloft, on high to soar,
Where I might hope to never see thee more:
Yet should I be afraid that, in the train
Of Father Daniel[1] travelling through the air,
Thou'dst come one day to find me out up there.

XIV.

Since that the air, which I inhale this land on,
Doth make me sad, low-spirited, and weak;
And since my Creditor, where'er I stand on,
With cruel wrongs his spite doth on me wreak;
Most certainly I will forthwith abandon
My parent soil and native city eke,
To find 'neath other skies—some other strand on—
That peace which here my heart would vainly seek.
But should I quit, so as to leave no trace
By which the Creditor o'th' Giuli Trè
Should know where I had stowed myself away;
Yet should he chance to learn my hiding place,
In India tho' I were, or Calicut,
He'd take post horses straight and find me out.

XV.

The gad-fly does not such a plague become,
What time the days are hottest in the year,
Nor is the hornet half so troublesome,
As is my Creditor about mine ear:
If grateful showers descend the heavens from,
The gad-fly and the hornet disappear;
But never season varied in my doom,
To make my dunning Creditor forbear.
As by centripetal cohesion's laws,
Perhaps, or by the gravitating power—
Where bodies tend from their own nature lower,
Or by attraction—who can tell the cause?
So by a natural affinity
Thou tendest, Oh Chrysophilus! to me.

XVI.

As erst Orestes, who, when he had slain
The adulterer and his guilty mother both,
And so atrociously avenged that stain—
His murdered father and her broken faith,
In exile wandered, dragging in his train
The murderous Furies wheresoe'er his path,—
So I where'er I go, the bitter pain
Imprinted on my heart must carry with:
At length if, after all he underwent,
The Goddess (whom the Scythians wont adore
With human blood) towards him did relent,—
Why cannot also I some means explore,
And virtue, charm, or remedy invent,
Whence those Trè Giuli may afflict no more?

XVII.

" Now, Friends! I bid you all a kind farewell,
While far my steps I bend, reluctant tho':
Farewell, delightful Nymphs! for I must go;
Nor 'mong you more of me shall any tell.
To this distressing step doth me compel
The Giuli Trè—that fatal debt I owe:
But nor the first nor last I am, that so
For debt went into banishment to dwell."
So saying, from the Town I sallied out:
But sad my Creditor appeared behind,
And said—" To go with you I have a mind."
Then sorrowful again I turned about,
Exclaiming,—" Is it then in Heaven writ'
That of this man I never shall be quit?"

XVIII.

When father Tiber heard the noisy lays
That here I weave, he reared his awful head
From out the oozy depths, did on me gaze,
His sceptre shook, and then as follows said.—
"Here Ennius and Lucilius, in their days,
The Mantuan and Venusian, tuned the reed;
When Rome could value poesy—and praise,
And the fine arts combined with valorous deed.
Since then have tuneful swans in every age,
With frogs commingled, owls, storks, crows, and cranes,
These shores and city deafened with their strains:
The Fair, Chiefs, Kings, Love, War, their songs engage,
And follies of the day; there wants among—
The Creditor of the Trè Giuli's song."

XIX.

Oh novel and felicitous event!—
For me most fortunate and joyful day!—
That fills my soul with gladness and content,
Forgetting all my woes, and making gay:
Chrysophilus to go from hence had meant,
And ready all had made to take his way;
His wonted jerkin to put on he went,
And in the wardrobe his town-coat did lay.—
His boots are on—with spurs he arms his heel—
Then with one spring upon his nag he leaps,
And in his flanks the rowel makes him feel.
He goes!—when such a joy all o'er me creeps,
As proves the mariner, when on the tide
Dark clouds disperse and angry storms subside.

XX.

Cease, angry winds ! to urge your furious fray,
Or e'er from hence my Creditor be gone;
Let balmy zephyrs gently breathe alone,
Like those that in fresh April softly play:
Be mild the air, and tranquil be the day,
Let cloudless suns him shine serenely on,
And no adversities descend upon,—
At least until he be far hence away:
Be his a pleasant journey, until when
He from me shall be far, then shower down
Hail—rain—and all the skies—upon his crown,
So that he never may come back again;
Just as the crow, that went to look for shore
From Noah's ark, was never heard of more.

XXI.

Since that Chrysophilus is gone from this,
And I no longer see him on my beat,
Nor hear myself asked for that cash of his,
While through the Town I stroll in every street,—
In freedom and security of bliss,
Where'er I list I joyful turn my feet,
As doth the mouse, where'er the cat not is,
Go fearlessly nor cares whom it may meet.
Oh would to Heaven he never might come back!
And, should he turn his steps towards the coast,
If in captivity the Turks should take,—
I do not wish him harm, but at the most,
So he might ne'er to us return, tho' hufft he,
I wish they'd make him Grand Vizier or Mufti.

XXII.

As doth some wretched city weep and wail,
When hostile ranks invest her, to reduce,
And with close siege beleaguer, and assail
With every means that they can bring in use:
And in her then as joy it doth infuse,
If afterwards the foe's assault should fail,
And they decamp, in vain their force or ruse,
To bear their arms where else they may prevail:
Such was my dread, my hatred, and my rage,
When thou, Chrysophilus! upon the score
Of thy Trè Giuli didst me late besiege:
And now I see thy odious face no more,
And that far from me thou canst not annoy,
Such is my pleasure—such my boundless joy!

XXIII.

Postman! are any letters there for me?
" Yes, one, a penny postage." Here it is.
Let's look who writes: alas! what do I see—
'Tis from my Creditor, who writes me this—
" Get the Trè Giuli ready—do not miss—
As soon as possible; for I shall be
By Sunday or at latest Monday, viz:
On horse or foot—dead or alive—with thee."
Defend me, Heaven! if he torments me when
He's near, e'en now that he is far from hence,
To plague me still he finds some new pretence,
And thro' the post pursues me now as then:
So, while I do not his Trè Giuli pay,
He makes me give the interest this way

XXIV

'Tis said that there are persons who have brewed
A liquor of such poisonous properties,
That paper, saturated with the fluid,
Whoever reads—or even opens—dies:
The modes are easy then to be pursued,
To abridge the scanty days this life supplies,
That cruelty, with which he is imbued,
Taught man, new means of dying to devise!
But I may say that not atrocious less
Nor cruel is my Creditor, whose trick
In this last instance wounds me to the quick.
For while he writes to me, with menaces
The payment of the Giuli Trè to press,
He gives me by his letter arsenic.

XXV.

Hast ever seen the father be away,
The while his boy doth frolicsome engage
With those whom manners—minds—or equal age
Unites together there in wanton play?
Then suddenly, amidst the sportive fray
Should he appear, and mark with seeming rage,—
The child, his parent's anger to assuage,
Would fly, or hide, yet full of dread must stay.
Thus I in freedom lived and glad, while nought
My happiness disturbed, for some time past,
And far from me my Creditor I thought:
And now that he comes back again at last,
As usual his Trè Giuli to demand,
Slinking away, afraid and mute I stand.

XXVI.

Not Priam with such pleasure did exult,
What time the Grecian army turned away,
And ambush'd 'mong impervious rocks occult,
Till Sinon took his measures to betray;
Nor afterwards such dreadful terror felt,
When—from th' insidious horse's womb—th' array
Of warriors burst, and led their friends' assault,
While fire and ruthless carnage strewed the way;—
As I enjoyed delight, my Creditor!
When thou didst late depart from me, as then
I flattered me to never see thee more;
And now I prove a bitter sorrow, when
I see thee here return, and still pursue,
To ask me for the Giuli Trè anew.

XXVII.

Ye that have heard my sorrowful lament,
And the complaints to which I've given loose
Against my Dun—the cause of all my woes
E'er since that day he me Trè Giuli lent!—
If never yet your bosom's calm content,
That Heaven and your partial fate bestows,
Has been disturbed by any ill that flows
From hate—adversity—or accident,—
Ah! never run in debt: but to your sorrow
If so compell'd, take care that first you see
What natured-man he is from whom you borrow:
For, if a teasing Creditor he be,
'Twill be with you as it has been my case—
You'll never have another day of peace.

XXVIII.

While sorrows ne'er afflicted me, and while
I passed my days in happiness away,
My Muse in silence did the hours beguile,
Nor e'er was heard to wake the vocal lay:
But since the Creditor o'th' Giuli Trè
Began to worry me, as he does still,
I've felt a singing itch within me sway,
And like the cricket (2) at noon day I shrill.
So, while well-fitted and anoint' with grease,
Smoothly and silent, as if at repose,
The wheel around its axle turns with ease:
But when along the road it creaking goes,
Be sure there's something wrong, whate'er appear,
To cause it make that jarring noise you hear.

XXIX.

I foolishly that some time since did boast
Of virtue in a stoical degree,
That made me feel insensible almost
To all misfortunes and adversity ;
By some—I know not what—dire influence crost,
Am now no longer what I used to be,
And thro' a paltry debt I've wholly lost
My once unalterable apathy.
Sometimes perhaps th' unconquered lion thus,
When tiger—panther he has crushed—or bear,
And from each contest come victorious,—
Should some small gad-fly settle on his ear,
And sting the royal beast, he loses heart
To drive the intruder off, and bears the smart.

XXX.

That debt's an evil, there can be no doubt;
All grant it; and I feel it I am sure:
What then? it is an ill that goes about;
And common ills, all know, admit of cure.
So I, my debt o' th' Giuli Trè, without
A murmur would and cheerfully endure,
If Heaven had made me bear some portion out
Of that calamity we all incur.
But this my Creditor torments me so,
My lips cannot dissemble what I feel
Of inward grief, but must express my woe:
And while I make this pitiful appeal,
It is not of my debt—for that were vain—
But thee, Oh Creditor! that I complain.

XXXI.

When there's an act one very often does,
The organs Nature fitted to that place
Perform their wonted task in every case
Without volition, how—one scarcely knows:
'Tis thus that to his crib the donkey goes;
That parrots give "good morning;" and what was
But frequency will into habit pass;
And that necessity from habit flows.
I often go soliloquizing thus,
With arguments—no matter good or bad:
Now hear the induction may from thence be made,—
Since so my Creditor has 'customed us,
He asks me for the Giuli Trè by rote,
By rote I answer him "I have them not."

XXXII.

Since that, Oh Creditor! me thus you tease,
And from me those Trè Giuli would exact,
There is no action of the will takes place,
But only instruments corporeal act:
Just as the eye (to put an equal case),
Provided that no injuries affect,
Whatever object were before the face
Would out of mere necessity detect:
'Twas thus that some philosopher contrived
Those animals he called "Automaton,"
That acted by machinery of their own:
Therefore against me do not feel aggrieved
That I will lend no ear to what you ask,
Since you like a machine perform your task.

XXXIII.

I never shall be able to forget
The memorable day, to me that bore
Such bitter sorrows, when my Creditor
Advanced me those Trè Giuli I owe him yet:
Three times them slow he from his purse drew out,
Within himself them counting o'er and o'er,
And thrice returned them in, the while for more
Than half an hour he made me wait in doubt.
Whether or not he gave, I cannot say;
For grief and rage so much my mind possest,
It took my faculty of sight away:
I can but say that then all peace and rest
Abandoned me, and from that hour I may
Date all my woes up to the present day.

XXXIV.

The verdant hill, the cool umbrageous vale,
The dance and song of laughter-loving youth,
The brook that falls with bounding leap beneath,
And makes sweet music in its noisy fall,—
The bird that spreads his pinion to the gale,
The whispering breeze that speaks in softest breath,—
At times, Oh Dun! with calm delights these sooth
My mind, till thou com'st back to chase them all.
Thou marr'st my every joy; nor for one day
My thoughts awhile can wander far from thee,
But they return from whence they did but stray:
So that the constant thought o'th' Giuli Trè
Has made itself so natural to me
As now almost to necessary be.

XXXV.

Man ne'er was happy yet in any stage
Of life: a boy he trembles at a look;
His freshest youth is wasted o'er a book,
Intent on science or the learned page:
In manhood's fervent prime new cares engage,—
With hatred now he burns—now love's soft yoke;
Here akes and pains—there some disaster's stroke,
And growing ills that still increase with age:
At length come debts; and with them comes the day
From whence no hope of happiness remains:
And thus I 've led a life of varied pains,
Until the fatal debt o' th' Giuli Trè,
To all the ills which I 've endured till now,
Has duly given the dispatching blow.

XXXVI.

Unconscious Child! that in thine early spring
Amusing thee dost frolic thus and play,
Nor yet hast known corroding hatred's sting,
Nor gnawing cares that on our quiet prey:
O'er thy pure peacefulness may Heaven fling
Its shield, and guard as heretofore thy way;
Nor thee reserve for days of suffering,
What time thy jetty locks shall fade to gray!
Oh happy Child! how much I envy thee
The calm content that Heaven on thee bestows,
And peace that my sad heart no longer knows.
But what—I envy most—dost think to be?
That thou hast no one 'bout thee always teasing,
As I have, for Trè Giuli, without ceasing.

XXXVII.

From far returning to his native town,
The traveller cheers with song his toilsome way:
With song the thirsty reaper cheers his own,
Exposed altho' beneath the burning ray:
The pilot sings, tho', his rude voice to drown,
He round him hears the furious tempest sway:
And, sighing tho' for freedom long unknown,
The captive bird still carols his sweet lay.
Thus mirthful lays I sing, tho' now I 've lost
The calm contentment I enjoyed of yore,
And wonted peace my heart no more can boast:
And thus I mitigate the plague and bore
With which my Dun embitters now my lot,
Since 'tis all one whether I grieve or not.

XXXVIII.

What time I pensive stand some bird to view,
That, hither bound, from Egypt coming last,
Or the Appenines or frigid Alps has past,
Doth rapidly through air his way pursue,—
" Happy," I tell him, " unto whom, as you,
Heaven gave such boundless liberty and vast;
That has nor clime nor soil to bind him fast,
But takes his flight where'er it lists him do."
Alas! why cannot I perform the like?
To me why equal liberty denied,
That here against my will must fain abide?
Here doomed by Fate eternally to stick,
And unavoidably by day and night
To have my Dun o'th' Giuli Trè in sight!

XXXIX.[3]

Thou askest me for money—and I've none,
And losest time in vain, which thou might'st save:
If thou an "*I promise to pay*" dost crave,
I'll make no bones at all to give thee one:
I neither grant thee nor refuse the boon;
Since what one never had one never gave:
I promise that I'll pay thee when I have;
And thou'rt content with my good will thereon.
Then let's make peace: nor let me thus be bored
For those Trè Giuli fifty times a day:
When got—I'll give them of my own accord.
Why wilt thou thus torment and wear me out?
Why worry a poor devil in this way?
Canst thou not say, "where nothing is, there's nought"?

XL.

One day, the while his flock about him grazed,
A golden ring the shepherd Gyges found;
Which, when he had upon his finger placed,
Made him invisible to all around:
And with this ring the wicked schemes he traced
Of all his after crimes, so much renowned;
The royal bed polluted and debased,
Usurped the throne, and made himself be crowned.
Had I that ring, I would not be by half
So vile a rogue as he, at any time,
Nor use it for such purposes of crime:
But of its virtue I'd avail myself,
That—when he goes to hunt for me about—
My Creditor should never find me out.

XLI.

As, with a searching power to imbue
With its prolific warmth, the Sun doth dart
Its genial rays, and penetrate the heart
Of mountains of Golconda or Peru,
And latent matter, there which lies perdu,
Doth clear and purge from every grosser part,
Whence gold and purest gems, transferred by art,
On precious rings and regal crowns we view,—
Thy parching hot activity and ardour
Doth work and penetrate into my bones,
And make my heart—already hard—still harder:
And thence those golden adamantine tones
With which I utter "*NO*,"—and which would render
Thy Giuli Trè so valuable a tender.

XLII.[4]

Now that in fierce hostilities and jar,
With martial conflagration Europe burns,
The peasant hind forsakes the plough he spurns,
Girds him with arms, and marches to the war;—
Curious of news whether from near or far,
If arms the Muscovite—each person learns,
If sails the English fleet—or if returns,
And what the French in Canada would mar;
How many horse—how many foot are slain,
If with the Pruss the British be combined,
And if the King of France unite with Spain:
But little or nought at all of this I mind:
My only business is, by night or day,
To think about my Dun and Giuli Trè.

XLIII.

What time the people, by their debts weighed down,
From the Quirinal to the Sacred Mount
Retired, and left the nobles in the Town,
(Their kings once banished on the same account)
Menenius, by that apologue well-known,
O'th' limbs and body, which he did recount,
Proved that republics can exist alone
By union 'mong the people, as of wont:
And, of the peace then made, the abolition
Of all their debts *in toto*—full and free—
Was made the first and principal condition.
And thus, my Creditor! I stand with thee:
Nor canst thou e'er return with me in peace,
Unless to talk about my debt wilt cease.

XLIV.

Lover of freedom that I still have been,
Ne'er nuptial ties have bound me to the fair;
And should no progeny my loss repair,
'Twill do the world nor good nor harm, I ween:
But if that yoke, on others often seen,
(That yoke so onerous to those who bear,
And pleasing but to them who do not wear)
I too had borne since when my youth was green,—
Perhaps, Chrysophilus! that in that case
(Thy countenance has so much filled my mind,
And left a mark indelible behind)
My Children would resemble thee in face;
And thus about the house I should see run
So many little Creditors, to dun!

XLV.

I dreamt to be, a night or two ago,
Within a place delightful to behold:
Were songs, and games, and dances manifold,
With harps and flutes and hautboys playing to;
Fair Nymphs and youthful, moving to and fro,
In playful talk converse did with me hold:
So fair a place the world doth not unfold,—
The Emperor has not sweets that can outdo.
While there I stood, enjoying the lovely sight,
Lo—suddenly my Creditor appears,
And stands before me, crying in my ears,
Dispelling this fair dream! By day or night,
Whether I sleep, or wake, or stand, or go,
Must this confounded fellow plague me so?

XLVI.

Tell me, good Creditor! what is the use
To ask me for those Giuli Trè in vain?
And still importunate, tho' I refuse,
To storm and fuss like any crow or crane?
Then, prithee, now have done: nor longer thus
Keep asking me, with loss of time and pain,
Seeing that till now to neither one of us
Thy asking has availed to either's gain:
Thy importun'ties do no good to me;
Since, long as e'er thou wilt, keep asking still,
Thy asking ne'er the more my purse will fill;
Nor on the other hand doth profit thee,
Since thy entreaties ne'er will work upon
To make me give thee money when I've none.

XLVII.

I recollect to have in some Rabbi read,
Whom certainly you never did peruse,
That (tho' abolished since, wherefore—not said)
In ancient times a custom was in use
In all of their twelve tribes among the Jews—
After a certain space of years had sped,
Prohibiting, upon whate'er excuse,
To talk of debts until that time unpaid.
Why have we not that glorious Jubilee?
Why should not still that practice be the case,
And in our times and rituals take place?
Then what delightful hope would spring for me—
That on this great solemnity's next date
The Giuli Trè's affair would terminate!

XLVIII.

Debt is not a disease to make one sick,
That hath apparent signs and visible;
It is nor epileptic, pleuritic,
Nor diagnostics hath by which to tell;
It hurts nor fluids nor the solids thick,
(*Exempli gratia* in myself—I 'm well)
Nor makes the blood flow slower or more quick—
When circulating duly in each cell:
It is a heart-ake of the keenest kind,
To which no other pain can be compared,—
An inward rack, that night and day doth grind.
And, more or less tho' every one has shared,
None can a just idea form, but he
That has a plaguy Creditor like thee.

XLIX

However keen, all pleasures pall with use:
Nor is there aught, our dearest joys among,
That doth not cause disgust and loathing strong,
By frequent repetition and abuse.
Tho' purest sweets at first they may infuse,—
The gentle breathings of melodious song,
When listened on too often or too long,
Delight no more, nor longer can amuse.
How great then is his misery, who must
Endure what never can delight nor please,
And of itself alone creates disgust!
Now this is just my case—that truce nor peace,
Sad Dun! ne'er have from thee; nor wilt thou cease
To claim those Giuli Trè, nor give me trust.

L.

Whether it be some diabolic spell
Bewitches thee for ever to pursue,
Misfortune—Fate—or what, I cannot tell,
But know where'er I am thou art there too:
Thus to escape thee, hateful Dun and fell!
To India when I go, or to Peru,
Where human foot ne'er comes, nor mortals dwell,
Never to hear thee more, nor more to view,—
There, 'midst the silent waste as I repose,
And loud of thee, my Creditor! complain,
And freely give my pent-up woes a loose,
My voice's sound returns to me again,
Till from her distant depths it seems to say
That Echo asks me for the Giuli Trè.

LI.

While Echo asks me for the Giuli Trè,
Nor any one I see that asks me for,
My mind is dubious if illusion, or
If truth it should be deemed, or what it may:
Dispelling then all previous doubts, I say—
If my impressions now be real, nor
My senses be defective, as of yore,
'Tis no fantastical deception's sway.
Then I proceed to draw this inference,—
If there be no one here that voice who woke,
Who could have uttered it? from whom or whence?
At length I see its origin it owes
To my complaints: it was myself that spoke;
And in this way I feed my proper woes.

LII.

If possibly, as some there are suppose,
In nature a perpetual motion be,
That circulates perforce continually,
Returning to itself the way it goes,—
Perhaps I must for ever weep the woes
The endless Giuli Trè inflict on me;
Since, while I would disspread them outwardly,
They still come back from whence they first arose:
Thus, passing from the heart into the brain,
Thence vocal made, they from the lips go forth
To bodies opposite, nor fall to earth,
But on the ear come repercussed again,
Impinging there the auditory part,
And from the brain return into the heart.

LIII.

What nonsense is maintained by those and these
'Bout climacteric days! 'tis all my eye;
Their idle thoughts, and foolish fantasies,
Who to extend some quack's delusions try.
When Providence established its decrees,
To this time or to that it did not tie;
One may be born on any day you please,
And every day 'tis possible to die.
But, without more inquiry in the case,
If that be called one's climacteric day
On which some great calamity takes place,
That one, when I was lent the Giuli Trè
By a Creditor that no compunction has,—
For me a climacteric day that was.

LIV.

Now the bright sun from us departs away,
And in the lap of Thetis lays his head,
While in the skies the silver moon bears sway,
And night begins her dusky veil to spread,—
The reaper who has borne the scorching ray,
And ploughman that his team or share has led,
Fatigued with heat and labour of the day,
For rest extend them on their lowly bed:
Now that the darkness of the silent night
To sleep, that nature gave for the relief
Of human woes, doth soothingly invite,—
Oblivion soft! on me descend, and lay
At rest my every care and source of grief,
With all remembrance of the Giuli Trè.

LV.

Oh balmy Sleep! beneath whose healing wing
Man finds relief from keen affliction's rack,
From the Cimmerian depths of night come back,
And o'er my sense thy drowsy pinions fling:
But with thee do not thou thy Morpheus bring,
Who can such manifold disguises take,
That in my busy fancy he'll awake
The Giuli Trè's remembrance and its sting.
For if in dreams, whene'er my eyes I close,
I still must fear and tremble in this way,
Nor have from thee the comfort of repose,
Sleep! get thee gone: if thou canst not remove,
I will not thou augment my ills of day:
I have now too much—not greater let me prove.

LVI.

When, for more peaceful days and calm repose,
Safe to his native shore returned at last,
The Seaman, long accustomed in time past
To list the stormy waves when hard it blows,—
If on the yielding down his limbs he cast,—
In busy dreams, soon as his eyelids close,
He thinks to hear the deep, when tempests rouse,
And billows foam responsive to the blast:
Thus I, for some time back up to this day
Accustomed to endure—Heaven knows what ills!
Oh Creditor! about thy Giuli Trè;
In sleep still present to my fancy seems
That face of thine, which me with terror fills,
And duns me for Trè Giuli in my dreams.

LVII.

'Tis natural my dreams should take their hues
From what my eyes have seen and ears have heard;
Since dreams are but what has by day occurred,
That, altered then in sleep, the mind reviews;
Then busy Fancy to itself renews
What previously the sense had there transferred:
The fowler thus in dreams ensnares his bird;
And warrior oft in dreams his foe pursues.
But 'tis surprising how, when wide awake,
And fancy wanders on the various things
That on my senses an impression make,
The thought of thee to my remembrance clings,—
Thy face is still before me night and day,—
And still I hear me asked for Giuli Trè.

LVIII.

That spirit of pure blood, most active—clear—
And vigorous, which fills the nerves, from whence,
Whate'er external objects there appear,
An impulse to the organ gives, and thence
At once the motus to the brain doth bear,
And print an image in, alike intense,
Whatever be the thing you see or hear,
As oft as outward objects strike the sense:
Thus every time my avaricious Dun
Demands the Giuli Trè, the ear it wakes;
Whence the sensation to the brain doth run,
And there, as I 'm inclined to think—and tell him,
A long and wide and deep impression makes,
That takes up nearly all the cerebellum.—

LIX.

Thence 'tis I recollect the spot and day
My Dun lent me Trè Giuli; and so plain
An image of and lively I retain
As of a thing now present to survey;
Which wholly doth my imagination sway,
And occupies the cellules of the brain,
That still my thoughts recur to that again,
Altho' to other objects they may stray:
That, wheresoe'er I am, or bend my steps,
Mine eye—mine ear—can offer nothing truly,
Than this tormenting Dun and his Trè Giuli:
And, by this spell which Fancy o'er me keeps,
Tho' not before my eyes he always be,
If not elsewhere—in my mind's eye I see.

LX.

In Pluto's realms a streamlet gently flows,
Along th' Elysian Fields' delightful shore,
Where (when the soul and body part) who goes,
For certain years returns to earth no more,—
Whose waters, as the Grecian bards suppose,
Such admirable virtue had of yore,
That who should take one draught thereof would lose
All memory of what had been before:
Ah! were that still the case up to this day,
I'd go this very hour, and with me take
A keg, to fill it there and bring away,
And give it thee to drink, that it might make,
Unfeeling Creditor! for once forget
The Giuli Trè's interminable debt.

LXI.

Oh blissful days—what time Queen Bertha spun![5]
Most fortunate and highly favoured season!
That age hight antiently the golden one,
Perhaps—because so happy—was the reason:
No "*I. O. U.s*" were then, nor "*writs*" to dun;
Nor frequent law-suits such as now, with fees on;
Nor folks were summoned then, if they should run
In debt, nor lose their liberty in prison.
But times are changed, not now what once they were:
And woe to that poor devil who runs in debt,
For he must go to jail and perish there!
And should his Dun not be so hard on, yet
At least he persecutes him night and day,
As thou dost now by me, just in that way.

LXII.

Propitious Heaven assist me! and withal
Thine eye benignant ever cast upon!
But as in life ne'er yet was any one
Exempted from mishaps, nor ever shall,—
So should I get from some high place a fall,
And hurt my head—neck—foot—or break a bone,
After the pain the bruise had caused were gone,
I'd think but little of, or not at all:
But tho' oblivious age and time can drive
Each other thought away, yet from my debt
I cannot turn my thoughts, nor thus forget;
For hitherto my Dun has kept alive
Its recollection in my memory,
And frequently refreshes every day.

LXIII.

Should Death not play me such a scurvy trick,
As 'midst my youthful years to make me die;
But on the contrary 't be writ on high
That I should live to good old age ere "kick;"[6]
About the city, leaning on my stick,
With hanging head and bending back, I'll ply,
No longer recollecting times gone by,
With length of years my memory grown weak;
The memorable debt of Giuli Trè
Alone remembering, and yearly thus
To my grandchildren shall I then discuss,—
"This was for me a very fatal day:
Alas, my Sons! my misery begun
From this sad day, and never will have done."

LXIV.

One day I to a limner thus—" I want,
If you're a clever artist and true man,
A portrait of the ugliest face and gaunt
That e'er was seen since when the world began:
Make it the hideousest phisiog: you can,
With goggle-eyes, and nose turned up askaunt:
Nor shall I be content tho' uglier than
Thersites and still more deformed you paint:
In short, so closely after nature give
The likeness of my hated Creditor,
That I may think I see him there alive:
Then, seeing that frightful countenance he has,
" Bravo! say I, good Brush! I want no more;
Here is the ugliest face that ever was!"

LXV.

I've seen a savage race,[7] that faith have none,

To face page 66.

A design for a Frontispiece, that may be suggested by Sonnets 64, 150, *and* 198, *is requested from some amateur hand; and will be received (directed to the Translator, at the Publisher's) with due thankfulness.*

An enterprise which ultimately failed:
Nor did I see a single one among,
Who put me into such a dreadful fright
As doth my Creditor's terrific sight.

LXVI.

Algiers—and Tunis—Tripoli—Salé—
Places that lie where are the days most hot,
So brute a race of men perhaps have not,
As brutal is my Creditor with me:
This man not born like other men could be;
But in ill-will and rancorousness begot'
By one that ne'er sucked mercy's milk, I wot,
And daily made him bad examples see.
The Barbary pirate, when he makes a slave,
Robs him of money that he finds upon,
But does not want his cash when he has none.
My Dun don't care whether or not I have;
But, using me more cruelly than a pirate,
When I've no money—still he doth require it.

LXVII.

That which erewhile held such impetuous sway,
And hoary Alps in ice imprisoned fast,—
Stern Winter's dreary reign, at length is past;
And April comes again, with laughing May:
That which, when nearer, glowed with scorching ray,
And on the stem the withered flowret cast,—
The burning Sun, gets lower down at last,
And cheers the languid with a cooler day.
The world's vicissitudes in constant change
Thus still succeed, and every ill below
Is not one long interminable woe:
'Tis thou alone that hast one only range,
That didst begin thy Giuli Trè to claim,
Which never ends, but still goes on the same.

LXVIII.

Hadst thou the rod of Moses, with which erst
He touched the arid stone, when straight distilled
A limpid current from the rock, that filled
The fainting Israelites and quenched their thirst,—
Thus would I say to thee, to try it first,
"Just touch me with the rod that thou dost wield,
And let us see if money can be spilled
From me, as from the rock the water burst."
But, as thy importunities have not
That admirable virtue named before—
Of drawing cash from him that none has got,
Henceforth pray hold thy tongue, nor plague me more;
Since, if thou still wilt follow up this strain,
'Twill worry both thyself and me in vain.

LXIX

That from all bodies an effluvium goes—
Is in philosophy no idle tale;
For thence a perfume mingles with the gale
From cedar, aloe, lily, or the rose:
Since all the lighter particles, and those
Which have the most subtility, exhale
From bodies, the olfactory nerve assail,
And make an odorous pulsion on the nose.
Thus, tho' not ill as yet my numbers go,
It must be owned that ever and anon
Some such effluvia rise: is it not so?—
And these, thy open nares impinging on,
Go where I will, the scent lies far behind,
And for a mile or more thou dost me wind.

LXX.

Oh my Chrysophilus! from some time past
Till now the land gives gradually worse crops;
And blight, drought, hail, combine themselves to blast
And disappoint th' afflicted farmer's hopes:
The antient oaks no longer shed their mast;
The vine no longer now produces grapes;
And enmity of envious nations fast
Enfeeble trade, and cramp in various shapes:
The aged granny by his faith doth swear—
"That formerly were never times like now;
And to its end the world is drawing near:"
All persons now impending danger shun;
Now every creature weeps and wails,—yet thou
For those Trè Giuli hast the heart to dun!

LXXI.

That " Charity begins at home" is true:
And we are bound, ere others we relieve,
Towards our own necessities to give;
In which the law of Nature we pursue.
In duty, then, and to myself 'tis due
To mind myself ere thee or aught alive:
And every animal does so who'd thrive;
As equity and justice have in view:
When I shall have provided for myself,
If any overplus of cash there be,
My dear Chrysophilus! I'll give it thee:
But, if thou waitest my superfluous pelf,—
So scanty that superfluous is—I doubt it
Will be much best to think no more about it.

LXXII.

If on the legs, or arms, or on the face,
There should appear the slightest pimple, or
Some humour; and you feel and pick the sore
An hundred times a day, nor ever cease;
And it should itch, nor will you from the place
Your nails or fingers keep, but scratch the more,—
The wound, that small and trifling was before,
At length inflames and grows a serious case.
'Tis thus my debt of Giuli Trè, to wit,
Oh my Chrysophilus! most certainly,
Abstractedly if we consider it,
Is no such mighty debt for which to dun,—
But thy insufferable importunity
Makes it a most considerable one.

LXXIII.

The bird, when from afar some hawk he views,
That thro' the sky in spreading circles sweeps,—
While in full freedom and at large he keeps,
His fierce assailant easily eschews:
But when together some one them emmews,
Who feels a joy in other one's mishaps,—
The bird has from his foe no more escapes,
Nor can the fierce encounter then refuse.
Thus in a narrow city shut up close,—
Four streets, a square, and single public-house,
We turn and turn about and still are there:
'Tis thus that I and my Trè Giuli's dun
An hundred times a day meet every where;
Nor is it possible for me to shun.

LXXIV.

Your letter, my Ergastes! duly got,
That you had charged Lesbinus to convey,
Has given me such joy as I may say
I never felt before, for I had not:
Eager I read it thrice and once to boot,
Nor can I from my hand aside yet lay:
It seems it virtue has to pluck away
The bitter grief that in my heart takes root:
And I may truly state—that from the day
I made that paltry debt of Giuli Trè,
Which since has given me so much ill blood,
Till now no other pleasure have I known,
Nor any happiness has been my own,
But that your friendly letter has bestowed.

LXXV.

The true regard that for me you display,
I feel, my dear Ergastes! nor can doubt:
Moreo'er, if you desire to hear about
And have some news of me, this shall convey.
Then, Heaven be praised! I'm well: that is to say—
I've neither fever, pains, a cold, nor gout;
I suffer from no akes of head or foot;
Nor have my humours undergone decay:
But, tho' I can't deny my general run
Of state is pretty good, it is my curse—
So far from that—that nothing can be worse:
I'm out of money; and a plaguy Dun
Is ever at my side! disasters, these,
Equivalent to some severe disease.

LXXVI.

Now then, Ergastes! learn that I intend
To quit this place at once and altogether:
For I can bear no longer, nor will—either,
My Dun's annoyances, that never end.
Thus in soliloquy my way I wend,
And think within myself, when I get thither,
I shall not mind however bad the weather,
Nor be afraid tho' furious Mars impend:
For there at least there will be none to bully,
Nor frighten me with his terrific snout,
As doth my Creditor of the Trè Giuli:
And, if I still must run in debt e'en there,
I shall not have such Duns (Heaven keep them out!)
As is the Creditor that I have here.

LXXVII.

I 'm very certain, and have long opined—
That, should one search the world by land and sea
Ever so long a time, one ne'er would find
So thorough-bred a Creditor as he:
Whence often I revolve within my mind—
That if diversity of clime it be
Which gives to every nation its own kind
Of manners, customs, nature and degree,—
Whence Persians and Assyrians feminine,
The Greek mendacious, and the Thracian rude,
And Romans erst with valour were imbued,—
This clime—these skies—not less perhaps combine
To make the Creditors that were born here
Of stuff inexorable and severe

LXXVIII.

But, 'mong all these, my Dun o'th' Giuli Trè,
With whom no other Creditor compares,
Has signalized himself in such a way
That the pre-eminence he justly bears.
To have a Creditor about one's ears,
As I to my mishap have night and day,
Is such a sticking plague where it adheres,
I can't imagine aught that can outweigh.
No miseries have one unchanging season;
And soon or late all other evils cease;
But my eternal Dun is none of these,—
He's a perpetual plague—for ever tease on;
Nor day nor night will let me breathe in peace,
Nor will he listen or to rhyme or reason.

LXXIX.

You, that are so well versed in logic's art,
(Which oft makes men say *Yea* where meaning *Nay*)
And know the proper rules by which one may
Convince them of the truth one would impart:
For goodness' sake assist me to concert
Some syllogism, or what not, to say
In *bàralipton*, or some other way
Of argument, that none can controvert:
That my Trè Giuli's Creditor at length
May understand, if hitherto he 've not,—
He cannot get from me what I've not got:
And being at last persuaded of the strength
This reasoning has, than which none can be stronger,
He hold his tongue, nor ask me for them longer.

LXXXII.

Rejoice with me, my friends! for I've found out
A certain means wherewith I now can pay:
Henceforth my Dun, to claim his Giuli Trè,
No longer round me shall be seen to scout.
Three numbers,[8] that for me she dreamt about,
The beldame boldly gave me t'other day.—
"Hallo there—Shop! hallo! who's there? I say,—
"I want these numbers—make the tickets out."
But now the day of drawing's come: and lo
The carrier brings the news around; let's see
What my three tickets have produced: Ah me!
Blanks every one! I feared it would be so:
Whence every hope is vanished of my gains,—
My hopes are fled—the debt alone remains!

LXXXIII.

But let's not be discouraged, come what will:
Tho' for this time we have not got a prize,
I'll try a novel scheme, a better still;
Another time it shall be otherwise:
A certain friend has taught me his own style
Of conjuring, which never fails—he says.
Meantime, good Creditor! but wait a while,
Thou shalt be paid within not many days.
But look: the winning numbers now are stuck
Upon the office—Ah! what do I see—
Not one of mine's a prize: what shocking luck!
Now mayest thou see, and judge by this result,
That I have done whatever lay in me,
And, if I cannot pay, 'tis not my fault.

LXXXIV.

Vain wishes and illusive hopes they feel,
Who search the future out of numbers, as
Rutilius, Ptiscus, Picus, and that class,
Who in the cabalistic science deal.
What is at present, whether woe or weal,
Exists from no connexion with what was;
Nor ever what one day shall come to pass
Numerical combinations can reveal.
For were it aught but vain, as all such ways are,
I'd work more sums than ever did of yore
Hoseim, Solomon-Shah, or Albumazar.(9)
Then, dear Cabala! happy me! I'd say, Sir!
If I could by that means, unknown before,
Discharge the Giuli Trè's long standing score.

LXXXV.

Let those who will attraction's force maintain,—
That heavy bodies downwards gravitate,
While upwards those are moved of lighter weight,
And some towards each other drawn remain:
For, this effect or that-one to explain,
Unknowing of the means that operate,—
From antient times up to the present date,
Was ne'er the gift of any doctor's brain.
But I believe; nor do I want for this
That Newton should assure me it is so;
Nor need I seek elsewhere what cause there is;
For by myself I ascertain the fact,—
That, sympathetically, where'er I go,
My Dun of the Trè Giuli I attract.

LXXXVI.

All bodies, it is true, do not possess
That hidden virtue in the same degree;
In some 'tis greater seen, in others less,
And some that have it not at all we see:
So I, Chrysophilus! observe in thee
A property of strong repulsiveness,
That has heterogeneous been to me,
And always made me fly thy near access:
Thou still dost follow me, while still I fly;
And when at times I far from thee am gone,
Within thou still art present to my eye.
What is then of this strange phenomenon
The secret cause? the riddle who can solve?
Philosophers! on you it must devolve.

LXXXVII.

Should some one question of the famous sages
That learned Greece in antient times possessed,
He 'd tell you all their calculating mages,
And who the sciences occult professed:
And should he ask from those of modern ages
The theory of atoms who supposed,
Who traced attraction through its various stages,
And who that electricity disclosed:
Then, with these principles, on his two legs
He 'd get, pretending to have made quite clear
The whys and wherefores, *en* philosopher!
But uselessly,—this but the question begs:
The cause of such effects alone he may
Explain—that seeks it in the Giuli Trè.

LXXXVIII.

The fearful hare, or kid, when from the brake
The hunter's dog has started, turns and veers
Now up—now down—this way and that to take,
And swift, as if her feet were winged, careers:
But still the dog, ne'er losing scent nor track,
Follows her close, and closer still he nears,
Pursues o'er ford or path, or drives her back,
And now in front and now in flank appears.
Thus I this way or that in terror run,
In hopes, my Creditor! to leave behind—
Or not to meet thee: but I vainly shun;
For still I cross thee an hundred times a day:
So much that I suspect within my mind
The devil tells thee—"he is gone that way."

LXXXIX.

Philosophers hold that if in one place
One body is—another is elsewhere:
Two bodies being quite separate, in no case
A single one can be both here and there.
Moreo'er of that should any person care
To know the physical reason, it is this.—
But, not to wait the causes to declare,
Let it suffice to know that so it is.
Yet if the thing were otherwise than so,—
To cite a case in point, I should pronounce
One body may be here and there at once;
For, by the body o' me! where'er I go,
Now here I find thee, and now there as well;
But how the devil thou dost, I cannot tell.

XC.

The false Pashah turns pale with guilty fears,
Conscious of crime, if suddenly should come
Before his eyes the Capigi who bears
The fatal string that indicates his doom.
The convict quakes, where his sad days he wears
In galling chains, within the dungeon's gloom,
What time the executioner appears
With blade in hand that he must suffer from.
And learn, Oh my Trè Giuli's Creditor!
That not less terrors into me infuse
When all at once thou dost appear before.
I tremble with affright whene'er I see!
Nothing alarms me more than that; because
I view my executioner in thee.

XCI.

What time the sun, when fiercest and most strong
In middle August, shoots his downward ray,
The cricket[2] chirping sits upon a spray
Of crab-tree or the medlar's leaves among,—
"Hush!" then I tell it: "for thy noisy tongue
Renews the woes that He, from that first day
He 's been my Creditor, in this same way
Has made me bear with one incessant song."
At length come shorter days and cooler skies:
And that annoying cry at length has done,
And the tormenting noisy cricket dies:
But ah! my summer and my autumn gone,
Still my old plague—just as it did at first—
Goes on, nor has my Creditor yet burst!

XCII.

While bright thy days shall shine all calm and clear,
  While Fortune shall be kind and stand thee by,
  The servile crowd shall still surround thee near
  That hang on others in prosperity:
But if, till then serene and fair, that sky
  Now girt with storm-betokening clouds appear,
  In thy misfortunes from thee far shall fly
  Who followed in thy prosperous career.
Oh faithful Creditor o' th' Giuli Trè!
  To thy just glory I will ever say
  That one so constant I ne'er saw before:
For, whether Fate or not to me is kind,
  Thou art inseparable from: I find
  Yet this fidelity doth somewhat bore.

XCIII.

When sombre melancholy me invades,
That from my breast nought else can pluck away,
I seek the depths of solitary shades,
Like one that hates himself and light of day:
Thus, silent—lone—and sad, while grief corrodes
My aking heart, unconscious I display
The weight of sorrow that my bosom loads;
And which not less my pallid cheeks betray.
Then if some clown, who gleans the scattered ear,
'Should mark me wand'ring thus, within himself
He says—"This is some desperado elf!"
And looks if cord or weapon I may wear;
Nor can imagine, thinking otherwise,
My sorrow from Trè Giuli can arise.

XCIV.

To hide me from my Creditor's sharp view,
Since I no longer go about the town,
One thus consoles me as I lie perdu,—
" A man of spirit ne'er should be cast down:
People, that are much more in debt than you,
Strut with assurance and an air high flown;
And treat their Creditor (should he pursue)
So, that you doubt which of them claims his own."
Then him I thus respond to—" But if I
Have not like that a temper frank and free,
In vain to change my nature I should try:
But rather one among you let there be,
Who'll pay my debts: and then I'll say for this—
The mirror of a real friend he is."

XCV.

Nor would this glorious custom be (to quote)
A novel one, tho' in desuetude;
For in antiquity the most remote,
At Athens, on a time it was pursued:
If any of them into debt had got,
The faithful band of friends[10] paid what he owed,
And all his wants supplied where he could not;
Which a magnanimous example showed.
But when Rome first Decemvirs instituted,
(Her kings expelled eleven lustres ere)
And that great embassy to Greece deputed,—
They brought new laws and usages from there,
Whence that famed law o' th' tables was obtained:
And only 'mong the Greeks it still remained.

XCVI.

My Creditor is frequently inclined
With me in physical matters to explore;
He wants to know what makes the thunder roar,
And what the causes that occasion wind;
The various shades of colours who combined;
And whether Tycho Brahe's system, or
That which gives motion to the world, the more
Accordant with reality I find:
I tell him then,—"Who can make manifest
Nature's arcana? or upon the spot
Observe whether the sun go round or not?
I'm only sure of this—as you know best—
You want Trè Giuli, which I have'nt got:
I know nothing at all about the rest."

XCVII.

My Creditor, observing me display
Unwonted liberality of pence,
Thinking to avail himself of that pretence,
Persisted asking for his Giuli Trè:
Then almost speaking truth,—" It was that thence
(I told him) people to themselves should say—
' He must have money, since he gives away'—
And deem me of the greater consequence."
Thus in the garrison when bread failed them,
What still remained the Capitol's defender
Threw to the Gauls; and by this stratagem
Made Brennus quite despair of its surrender:[11]
He thus the citadel to Rome preserved,
And kept his credit up, tho' nearly starved.

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XCVIII.

I frequently have heard it said by those
Who Galen and Hippocrates have studied,—
That there are days i'th' year, as they suppose,
When one must upon no account be blooded.
Whether or not this really be the case—
Or Doctors think it—I have not concluded;
Nor this appears to me to be a place
Where my opinion on should be obtruded.
I know my Creditor o'th' Giuli Trè
Has no such scruples with respect to me,
Nor any of those rules observes; for he,
So far from that, endeavours every day
To extract money from, which in some way
Has with the blood a close affinity.

XCIX.

If an attack of fever I should feel—
I take Peru's specific to restore:
If rheum affect my chest—tea makes me well;
Nor colds nor coughs distress me any more:
If with internal languor I be ill,
Or indigestion crude, I downwards pour
Aloes or myrrh—or gulp them in a pill,
Which virtue have to purge the stomach's bore.
I neither suffer hardness—crudities—
Intestine weakness, nor a fever have:
But at my heart an ill still greater lies,—
Who lent—wants money, and I've none to give;
And this infirmity that I endure—
A College of Physicians cannot cure.

C.

As one, that long imprisonment endured,
At length his fetters bursting, has got clear,
The dungeon flies, where he had been immured;
And wanders lonely thro' the forest drear;
If midst the silent shades he sudden hear
The rustling leaf that slightest wind has stirred,
Alarmed he stops his pace, in dreadful fear
Lest him from whom he has escaped he heard.
Thus I, that fled as best as I could get off
Afar from him who gave me constant dread,
Like prisoner fugitive I keep aloof;
And if a voice I hear or footstep's tread,
Pallid I turn, and feel my fears rise high,
Lest he of the Trè Giuli should be nigh.

CI.

About the Pole, stern winter raging round,
What time the days are shortest in the year,
'Tis said the frost so intercepts in air
The words you speak, that they produce no sound;
And, when the rugged season ends, more near
The downward sun doth melt and decompound
The atmosphere, which frost till then had bound,
That thawing words on every side you hear.
Oh Creditor! if thither by some power,
In the cold season I could be with thee,
I think that, when the nipping frost were o'er,
It would astonish me extremely there
To hear a voice—nor whom that uttered see—
Asking for the Trè Giuli every where.

CII.

Whoever to the light-diffusing rays
Unfolds his eyes, and breathes the vital air,
Has never seen alone unclouded days,
Nor ever full felicity might share:
The strokes of adverse fortune some must bear,
And dire calamity to mar their joys;
Some in their breast a hopeless passion wear;
And some a sordid love of gold employs.
From envy these must suffer, those from gall:
And in himself, or round him, every one
Must bear his share of ills redeemed to none:
But Heaven to me is hostile more than all;
Consigning me, to make me wretched fully,
To an hard-hearted claimant of Trè Giuli.

CIII.

The rapid rivers first shall backwards flow;
And sandy banks with flowrets blossom fair;
The subtile flame shall first incline below;
And fishes swim on pinions thro' the air;
First shall the horse—the ass—the bull—the cow—
In promenade upon the wave appear;
And wisdom first his intellect endow
That from his birth to idiocy was heir:
In short—whate'er's impossible I'll see,
Before that owing money, I have not,
Oh Creditor! thou shalt obtain from me:
But thou so pertinacious art, I wot,
That, with impossibility tho' fraught,
Thou wouldst extract the Giuli Trè from nought.

CIV.

If Dædalus could to his sides unite
The buoyant wings on which the skies he clave,
And with his son, who fell into the wave,
Could from his prison like a bird take flight;
And on the hippogriff, Astolfo hight
Could scale the sky and lunar track concave,
Whence for the Paladin he fetched and gave
Him back his brain, that love had turned outright:[12]
Why cannot I have means and power to flee,
Thro' ways by which thou couldst not come to find me,
And get, Oh Creditor! afar from thee?
For I should like to see if then behind me
The Devil would convey thee too up there,
To ask me for Trè Giuli in the air?

CV.

The Traveller, that on foot unarmed and lone
Pursues his way, no cause of danger knows—
Secure from harm—when money he has none;
And, should he meet with thieves, still singing goes;
For thieves respect the man, nor fall upon,
That to his poverty protection owes,
Nor to the perils is exposed—that one
Is subject to from such rapacious foes.
But thou, O Dun! art less compassionate:
For tho' my empty pockets I may show,
Unbutton me, and let my braces go,—
Not only thou art not content with that,
But art the more tormenting and more stony
The more I swear to thee I have no money.

CVI.

As was the golden apple, that, one day,
When naked the three Goddesses he'd viewed,
Paris to beauteous Venus gave, they say,
Which Juno and Pallas with such rage imbued:
That fatal gift, that Asia fill'd with feud
And slaughter, and did Troy in ashes lay;
Whence perish'd such a crowd, that, swell'd with blood,
Towards the sea rolled Xanthus on its way:
Of such a kind perhaps the service is
My Dun did me, tho' the comparison—
As people say—is but a cripple one:
Yet holds it good I think at least in this,—
That, having lent me formerly Trè Giuli,
He for them now makes war upon me cruelly.

CVII.

I always for infallible will hold—
And none perhaps will say 'tis not the case—
That Nature with partiality a fold
Of leather round his breast and brow did place,
That can unmoved the aspect stern behold
Of one that him for money still doth tease,
And without fear or scruple can make bold
To tell his Creditor "No" to his face.
Oh brazen brow! thou standest in good stead
And opportune to him who owes a score;
As useful as a good harangue, and more:
Against all plaguy fellows, at whose head
He of the Giuli Trè conspicuous shines,
Oh brazen brow! thou 'rt worth Potosi's mines.

CVIII.

The stupid shaver, that on Midas eyed
His ass's ears which he was doomed to wear,
If to reveal the secret did not dare—
In vain to keep it from the world he tried;
Who went alone, and dug a hollow, where
He whispered more than once what he 'd espied,
Then closed the place with earth itself supplied,
And thought to bury his confessions there:
But lo—the reeds, that grew upon the spot,
Moved by the wind, spontaneously 'gan cry—
" Our King—our King an ass's ears has got!"
Now, stocks and stones thus hearing thee apply,
I would not that moreover they should learn
To ask me for the Giuli Trè in turn.

CIX.

The Smith his ponderous hammer lifts, and shakes
The air with frequently repeated blows
Upon the steel; whence blade or helm he makes,
That shall one day withstand the stroke of foes:
So when by heat its form the metal takes,
The warrior fearless to the battle goes,
If with that steel he gird himself; nor quakes,
Because the temper of his arms he knows.
So too I imperturbably will bear
Her adverse strokes, tho' Fortune, hostile to,
Should arm herself against me ever so;
For, my Trè Giuli's Creditor severe
Has hardened me to suffer every ill,
By those annoyances he gives me still.

CX.

The devious comet, that on high careers—
With sanguine splendour girt—athwart the night,
Ne'er gave the bigot crowd so much affright,
From dread of famine—pestilence—or wars,
As oft it makes me palpitate with fears,
When unexpectedly upon my sight
The Dun, whose presence is to me the plight
And harbinger of future ill, appears:
For, if or not the comets planets be,
Their course is regular, so that one may
Their due arrival at all times foresee;
But his appearance of the Giuli Trè
I cannot fix in an ephemeris,
He comes so oft, nor regular he is.

CXI.

I frequently revolve within my mind,
For consolation to my woes, that debt—
Altho' perhaps not necessary—yet
May still be useful called to human kind:
And I reflect that Providence assigned
To each his proper place, and set
One to another man subordinate,
Yet so that all should have their debts defined.
The difference consists in this alone—
That some dissemble more—some less; that those
Keep their affairs concealed, and these disclose:
But this I swear—that, close as any one
I would conceal my debt, if thou would'st press
And worry me for those Trè Giuli less.

CXII.

The nag that ever has the spurs in's sides,
And is accustomed with their points to deal,
At length no longer minds whoever rides,
Altho' he cross him with an armed heel.
The laggard ox, whom—while the peasant guides—
All day he pricks with goad of sharpened steel,
Moves not the quicker, nor takes longer strides,
Tho' in his back the puncture he should feel.
The urchin, that is whipt for every fault,
Loses at length the dread he held the birch in,
Nor can the master keep him from revolt.
I am that nag—that ox—and eke that urchin,
Spur—goad—and birch, as lists my Creditor
To use, he may: I care for them no more.

CXIII.

My Creditor with me has often got
Such an agreeable and pleasant way,
Just as 'mong friends is practised every day,
As if the debt he thought no more about;
And only asks if Frederick will or not
Deliver Prague, or in Bohemia stay;[13]
If Hanover be taken by D'Etré;
Or if from Brest the squadron have got out:
And, when he's beat about the bush a while,
By little and little he to the point comes coolly,
And says—"Well, when shall I have my Trè Giuli?"
Thus sometimes on a mouse the cat will smile,
And with her helpless victim sport and skip,
Until at length she gives the fatal grip.

CXIV.

The mariner, that ploughs the distant sea,
To augment the wealth he has already won,
Brings hither from Macao silks and tea,
Or goes for salted fish to Cape Breton,—
If he should strike on rocks or shallows, he
To heaven for his deliverance looks alone,
And vows that, when at home he safe shall be,
He'll hang a *votum* for the favour done.
Oh gracious Heaven! now too hear me: one day,
If I can also drive and from me chase
The man who persecutes me in this way,
A solemn offering in the church I'll place,
As one who fled the perils that enwrapped,
And from some dreadful danger has escaped.

CXV.

In very antient times, imposed by might
On weak humanity, a law prevailed,
Which afterwards, as contrary to right,
Fell quite into disuse, and was repealed,—
That if, to pay his debts, a wretched wight—
From getting into poverty—had failed,
The Creditor might wreak his cruel spite
Upon the debtor's body unless bailed.
Perhaps for me that law is still in vigour;
Since thou, my Dun! dost plague me night and day,
Because I cannot those Trè Giuli pay:
But hitherto perhaps thou ill dost figure;
For thou dost treat me with inhuman rigour,
And I don't liquidate my debt this way.

CXVI.[14]

What sounds are these, nor that to earth belong,
Which tuneful sweets thro' ambient air convey?
The swan ne'er sang with such mellifluous tongue;
The nightingale ne'er woke so sweet a lay;
Less sweetly erst, th' Elysian fields among,
To Pluto did the lyre of Orpheus play,
Who lulled the triple-headed hound with song,
And bore from hell Eurydice away.
Perhaps (if that be actually the case,
Which Plato in his dreams supposed to be)
That concert in harmonic skies take place?—
But be it what it may, it wakes in me
Such wonder, that, oblivious of my debt,
At length the Giuli Trè I quite forget.

CXVII.

The Pilgrim, that 'mong woods has lost his way,
And plunged in depths from whence he can't get back,
If, sallying from the drear obscurity,
A robber lurking there should him attack;
Or lamb, that, from the shepherd gone astray,
Far from the flock has wandered off their track,
If, urged by hunger keen in search of prey,
The fierce and savage wolf should cross its walk;
Or dove, what time the cowering hawk she hears,
Already sees him from on high come down
And stretch his talons out to seize upon;—
The formidable assault not so much fears,
As I with terror tremble when I see
Thou com'st to ask the Giuli Trè of me!

CXVIII.

Chrysophilus, that like a common lover
Admires his girl and follows every where,
Always attempts with a Platonic air
Of purity to gloss his passion over;
And dares to say he never did approve her
For earthly beauty, nor because she's fair,
But for her mental charms, and virtues rare,
That—tho' unseen—he can in her discover.
Now this same stoic virtue that he claims,
I cannot quite so readily allow him:
Better than any body else I know him;
And know that—when he visits me—his aims
Are not esteem for me, but only tend
To his Trè Giuli's secondary end.

CXIX.

My dear Chrysophilus! it is the case,
I know, that stoutly you maintain and say—
"Platonic love" exists; (an idle phrase,
Which but egregious folly doth betray)
And that, if gifted with that special grace,
An amateur of female beauty may
Attach his eyes upon a pretty face,
Yet meanwhile turn his thoughts another way.—
Now, my Chrysophilus! if upon this
You'd wish to know what my idea may be,
I'll tell you most sincerely what it is,—
That your "Platonic love" appears to me
To be as difficult a thing most fully
As that I should return you those Trè Giuli.

CXX.

An old ill-tempered master's ways to bear,
And autumn chronic-rheumatism's twitch;
Their *ba be bi bo bu* to children teach;
An ill-accepted benefit confer;
A snarling cur's bow-wowing in one's ear;
The hissing of a kettle out of reach;
A crude disjointed dull long-winded speech
In your own virtues' eulogy to hear;
To ask—nor ever hear one answered "*Yes*;"
On foot to trudge o'er sand a length of way;
To hear the self-same answer every day;—
Are all indeed severe annoyances,
But less intolerable any how
Than is a plaguy Creditor like thou.

CXXI.

King Attalus' treasures I not want,
To which he made the Roman people heir;
Nor for the honours Cæsar reaped I pant,
When he returned—great Pompey's conqueror;
Nor, Heaven! do I ask thou should'st me grant
Illimitable happiness to share;
For to be happy here is what man can't,
And—without bitter—sweet he tasted ne'er.
Nor riches, neither poverty give me,—
Give me a middle state: I've courage, too,
To bear adversity in due degree;
But rid me of my Creditor, pray do!
For he's a plague that nothing can compare with:
I'm tired of him, and can no longer bear with.

CXXII.

What ignorance and folly they betray,
Who follow Arnold, Geber,[9] and that set;
And to transmuting metals think to get,
While secretly they labour night and day,
And sweat around a crucible, while they
Salt mercury and sulphurs 'malgamate,
Nor after all succeed to imitate
By art what nature works in her own way!
Ah! why don't we that wondrous art possess?
And why to man is it prohibited
To copy those fair works that nature made?
For then I'd study chymic properties;
And, having got the Giuli Trè's true ore,
I'd break the pot, nor think about them more.

CXXIII.

Just as a cauldron or a kettle does,
When standing on a blazing fire well-fed,—
If its contents boil up, by heat dispread,
No longer it can hold—but overflows:
From some time past till now, with similar throes,
The Giuli Trè go bubbling in my head
With such a foam, that poetry thence is bred,
Which thro' the tongue exuberating goes.
And so the tiresome claims, with which till now,
Ne'er giving me a single day's repose,
My stingy Dun has plagued me to allow,
May well be called the busy-blowing bellows,
Which keep alive the fancy's fire, and cause
The overflow poetical that follows.

CXXIV.

Perhaps, when David reigned in Judah erst,
There were no Creditors to importune,
As now there are by far too many a one,
Of whom I have one of the very worst:
As, 'mong the denunciations intersperst
Amidst his psalmody, a teasing Dun,
That night and day him worries—who has none—
For money, is not mentioned to be curst.
Should any one now do me all the wrong,
That to one enemy another does
With all the worst malignity of foes,
I'd tell him thus—" There's one, that has been long
My Dun, who's always at my heels: may he
Likewise become a Creditor to thee."

CXXV.

Oh Heaven defend me! what a frightful dream
I had last night, that me with terror shook:
Methought I'd crossed the Styx; and it did seem
The Infernal Judge his seat before me took;
And, when he'd heard my sins, recounting them,
While frowning on me with an angry look,
(I tremble yet!) stern Minos, to condemn,
Thus his irrevocable sentence spoke.—
"Let him forthwith be taken down, and put,
For his so many heinous crimes, where he
Who enters once can never more get out;
And his most fierce tormentor there shall be
The man who living was his Dun, and—dead—
Shall thither stand him in the Furies' stead."

CXXVI.

I had a dream of such terrific hue,
That I awoke all trembling: and therefore
I'll turn me hermit straight, lest it come true;
Nor with the world have commerce any more:
And all my days henceforward I'll pursue
Alone the austerest virtues; and deplore
The gone-by follies of my youth, and rue
My faults most bitterly and weep them o'er;
And, breathing sanctity and penitence,
I'll go bare-footed and with shaven crown,
Nor will I e'er be seen about the town;
And if, to seek me in that residence,
E'en there my plaguy Creditor should come,
I'll make the porter tell him—"Not at home."

CXXVII.

One day (just to discuss the point between,
Not to impeach its truth, I apprehend)
Chrysophilus in talk with me arraigned
The immortality of the soul in men:
And laid his greatest difficulty in—
That what has a beginning has an end:
But "*No*," said I, "there are things, I contend,
That never finish when they once begin:
And certainly there is nothing strange in that:
Moreo'er, Chrysophilus! a bet I'll lay
That in thyself I'll find an instance pat:
Perhaps thou did not once the Giuli Trè
Begin to ask me for, which don't diminish—
But still goes on—and is not like to finish?"

CXXVIII.[15]

The tongue of *Oc*, so called unto this day,
And that of *Oui*, were those in which of yore
Gawen and Arthur's names in many a lay
Were famed by Bards who that distinction bore:
Th' Illyrian tongue of *Ya* is heard all o'er
From Adria to the Alps and eastward way:
From Var and down the hills to Ocean's shore
Extends the lovely land where *Si* is Yea.
Thus the affirming particle, we see,
Imparts the name to every vulgar tongue:
So Italy the land of *Yes* should be:
But mine has been accustomed now so long
To answer him of the Trè Giuli so,
That I may call my tongue the tongue of *No*.

CXXIX.

The prudent chief, both art and force that tries,
A city—fort—or castle to reduce,
When all that he can do is of no use,
To turn his arms elsewhere himself applies.
And he that in remoter times, likewise,
Corinthus' Isthmus[16] vainly tried to sluice,
When he discerned he should his labour lose,
Abandoned th' injudicious enterprize.
'Tis thou alone, Oh Dun! wilt still persist
In what's impossible, tho' all in vain
Thy toil has been till now, and ends have mist;
And, maugre that thou never canst obtain
Money from, yet an hundred times a day
Perverse wilt ask me for the Giuli Trè.

CXXX.

In Phrygia erst there was a King, they say,
(I tell it thee as I myself was told)
That gave a kind reception to the old
Silenus, when one time he'd lost his way;
Whom Bacchus, for the favour to repay,
Permitted in his touch the power to hold—
That every thing were instant turned to gold
On which he at any time his hand should lay.
For me I do not want, to make me rich,
To have that gold-transforming attribute:
Away from me be such a sordid itch!
But wish that thou couldst all to gold transmute;
So that, possessing a superfluous store,
Thou'dst ask me for the Giuli Trè no more.

CXXXI.

Thou say'st that no one hitherto has found
The circle's quadrature—nor ever will:
And, my Chrysophilus! it must be owned,
And I confess 'tis undiscovered still:
For altho' some reduce it to a bound
Of squares—triangles—and what not—to fill,
Yet its extremities of curve around
They cannot measure with unerring skill.
But tho' no demonstration has till now
Been proved to make the quadrature appear,
Perhaps some person yet will show us how;
For as 'tis there—it must be found, that's clear:
But on the other hand, like that they 'll not
On me Trè Giuli find—if I 've not got.

CXXXII.

My Creditor upon me camé one day,
Demanding his Trè Giuli o'er and o'er;
And like a post he stuck himself before,
As if—inseparable from—to stay;
And if I budged an inch, behind he lay,
And followed like my shadow: where, once more,
Oh where 's the horn[17] Astolfo had of yore,
That drove both men and women far away?
Had I an instrument of such a power,
I 'd blow as loud as ever as I could blow,
Till he should go to pot—and even lower:
But Fate, that arms itself to work me woe,
Perhaps would make him deaf thereto, nor fear
The frightful sound that others fled to hear.

CXXXIII.

Oh labour lost! vain foolishness of man!
For, what avails it me that I peruse
The authors of the classic age, or chuse
Both Maro's works and Tullius' to scan?—
Or speculate on Nature's hidden plan,
Inquire in motion's undiscovered laws,
Of ocean's ebb and flow explore the cause,
And how attract the steel the magnet can?—
What folly—day and night—in cold or heat—
O'er musty books and papers to grow pale,
The sciences to learn and knowledge get,—
Since, Creditor! it ne'er was possible
To get three paltry Giuli, and—when got—
Give them to thee and hear no more about?—

CXXXIV.

Chrysophilus engages in a day
Or two to learn speak French off-hand and free;
He knows quite well already what is "*Oui*;"
And, if occasion call, "*Non pas*" can say.
Now what he thinks to bring about this way
Is not made public, nor can all foresee;
Perhaps it rests exclusively with me
To guess the motive of this new essay:
Perceiving that he can't by any means
Extract his money out of me, nor get,
However he have asked me for as yet,—
The French expression may possess, he weens,
More efficaciousness; therefore, to wrench,
Will ask me for the Giuli Trè in French.

CXXXV.

Thou thinkest I am angry with thee now,
Who love thee, Creditor! and wish thee well,
And would thou wert a Duke or King, and thou
Hadst as much gold as it were possible:
For, generous then, thou'dst say to me, I trow,—
"Henceforth I do not want your money: quell
Your fears; for on you freely I bestow
The Giuli Trè: enjoy them to your weal."
But still I've cause to fear—and do opine—
Thou would'st continue to torment me thus,
E'en tho' the gold of all Peru were thine:
For there's an antient adage teaches us
That—who has money still wants more beside,
And "Covetous men are never satisfied."

CXXXVI.

Now belly up, now with his mouth turned down,
The suffering Invalid distracted writhes
With pain and heat; and, restless as he lies,
Nor sleep nor ease can get, to him unknown:
But then should the Physician call upon,
And write a *Recipe* to give him ease,
That virtue has to cure of his disease,
The convalescent man gets well anon.
But that disease, which I within me feel,
Has worked into my bones in such a way,
That 'tis not possible to cure or heal;
So, when my Dun his visits comes to pay,
The oftener he visits me—the more
My ill increases, worse than 'twas before.

CXXXVII.

According to the various properties
O' th' blood and juices Nature poured in us,
May be that the diversity all lies
In manner and in modes of acting: thus—
The vigour of the spirits qualifies
Complexions of a choleric impetus;
And seriousness, and torpid tendencies,
A dull phlegmatic habit will induce:
Thus hatred, love, and avarice have birth;
And every action, to whose end were formed
Those organs Nature in us all puts forth:
Therefore, my Dun! I think that in this way
Thy importunity was in thee germed;
Whence ask'st so often for the Giuli Trè.

CXXXVIII.

Perish the man among us first, I say,
Inexorable poverty that brought!
Thro' her unmingled pleasure never may,—
Thro' her ne'er full felicity be got.
'Twas she that first to write—"*I promise to pay*"—
The needy man, that has no money, taught;
Who, when he can't discharge it on the day,
In jail his liberty must lose, if caught.
This cruel pest also for me begets
A fruitful source of ills of every hue,
When it occasions my contracting debts.
My only comfort is to ponder this on—
My Creditor can harass me, 'tis true;
But—for Trè Giuli one don't go to prison.

CXXXIX.

What thinkest on, my Dun! that thus unnerved
Mournful and mute dost stand, with serious air,
As one that some failed-often-in affair
Within his mind resolves when unobserved?
So absent are thy thoughts and much disturbed,
This way and that thy haggard eyes do glare,
Proclaiming on thy brow thy bosom's care,
Which seems as if it all thy soul absorbed.
Thou think'st, perhaps, that as to no effect
Till now hast claimed the Giuli Trè, to obtain,
Against me some new weapons wilt direct?
But thou dost ponder on that scheme in vain:
If all has hitherto been of no use,
The future can no better luck produce.

CXL.

My Creditor does not those weapons wear,
Eneas or Achilles erst did wield,
By which, with so much slaughter far and near,
One—Italy, the other—Phrygia filled;
Nor those with which in later times, we hear,
Orlando strewed the soil with foes he'd killed;
But me with importunities severe,
And savage methods armed, he has assailed;
And unexpectedly will at me throw
The mortal summons for the Giuli Trè:
I ward the stroke, and hurl at him a "*No.*"—
Continues now, and fiercer grows the fight:
But turning tail, I quickly scud away,
And victor I remain alone by flight.

CXLI.

The tennis ball, that hits the wall's hard stone,
And, striking there, 's indented somewhat flat,
Cannot remain in that unwonted state
Caused by the violent impression on:
For, by its elasticity of tone,
It takes again the form it lost by that,
And, in a new direction turned thereat,
Rebounds again on him by whom 'twas thrown.
In such a way the malice and ill-will,
That for the Giuli Trè dost on me vent,
Finding in me a greater hardness still,
Thrown backwards by a "*No*," reflects whence sent;
And thus, by an elastic power, to thee
Bears back the blow projected against me.

CXLII.

What time—for him the first—the Pilot hears
The dreadful howling of the stormy gale,
And views the wave, on high its crest that rears,—
He pallid turns, while heart and voice him fail:
But when at sea grown-up, advanced in years,
He sings in concert to the furious squall;
And, seated on the stern, devoid of fears,
Beholds the horrid darkness round him fall.
In such a way I felt a terror strong,
When first my dunning Creditor began
To sing his Giuli Trè's perpetual song:
But, since my ear's accustomed to the strain,
Amusement now—if dread at first it gave,
And I go singing to his noisy wave

CXLIII.

Among the old philosophers Greece had,
There were some certain sages, as they say,
Who boasted equal firmness to display
In every kind of fortune—good or bad;
And, with such stoicalness armed, they made
Their vaunt that they would not in any way
The greater pleasure—grief—nor fear betray,
Tho' the whole world should crumble down decayed.
Now just to see if their indifference
Were real or not, I would for three or four days
Have put them to the test in various ways;
And, if they had within them life or sense,
They never would have taken things so coolly
With this my Creditor of the Trè Giuli.

CXLIV.

I've often heard it said of Cicero—
His powers of oratory were so strong,
And, that he had so eloquent a tongue,
He never paid his debts, however so:
When any summoned him for debt, he'd go
Up in the rostrum, and hold forth so long,
Entangling so the case with right and wrong,
That he ne'er paid, whatever he might owe.
Oh dearest Cicero! how happy thou!
Thy Creditors outwitting by this plan:
Rare gift with which the Gods did thee endow!
Thou wast not such a ninny of a man
As I, that prate—prate on, but cannot yet
Confuse nor bother my Trè Giuli's debt.

CLXV.

Silent within the caverns deep and dark
Of that Sicilian mountain, in whose womb
Enceladus erst found a living tomb,
Bitumina and sulphurs latent lurk:
But, if ignited by that secret spark,
So many have sought to find—but none of whom
Have found, it vomits flames therefrom,
And masses huge throws up of wondrous work.
Thus, for a length of time, within my brain
A shapeless body of poetic matter,
Without exuding thence, had torpid lain:
But when the Giuli Trè, with fearful clatter,
Began ferment and struggle there for birth,
Poetical eruptions straight burst forth.

CXLVI.

Perhaps thou canst not live without me, eh?
Perhaps I've some magnetic virtue, so
That thou must follow me where'er I go;
And from thee then I cannot get away?
I'll go conceal myself some where, and stay
Where 'tis impossible thou should'st come to,—
Some place shut out from every eye, where no
One human creature's foot did ever stray;
And see if even in that solitude
Thou'lt find me out, nor I can any where
Thy teasing importunities elude;
And then I'll think thee like the hound, just as
The track he follows of the flying hare,
And winds her scent wherever she may pass.

CXLVII.

Happy the Merchant, that, in any place
Where he is in debt, is not obliged to stay;
But loads his ship, and goes, as list he may,
To sell his goods where that is not the case!
For then his Creditor's provoking face
Is not always before him every day;
Nor can his Dun torment him, in the way
That mine does me, without a moment's grace
For not alone to China or Peru,
As goes the Merchant, I to avoid him go,—
But we must dwell together here below;
So that, where'er I am, between us two,
There's but ten yards or little more mayhap:
Then how the devil can I e'er escape?

CXLVIII.

A certain lover of the antique one day
Took me the Campidoglio to explore:
There statues I beheld, that lined the way,
On which had learned chisels toiled of yore:
The monstrous Deities did I survey,
The gross Egyptian people wont adore;
And wounded Gladiator too, that lay
Half falling and half not; with many more.—
A statue then I saw, extremely like
To him I've always hated for his credit,
Which with an inward terror did me strike;
Then down I ran as quick as I could tread it,
Just like a thief that flies the Sheriff's men:
And while I live I'll ne'er go there again!

CXLIX.

It never was a good man's act to do—
To want get money out of him who's none:
It is against true charity, and one
'Gainst every other Christian virtue too.
But let us talk a little to and fro:
This importunity of thine hereon,
For ever teasing me, perhaps anon
Will make me vow to pay nothing mo'.
Indeed, to say the truth, I had a mind,
That by this means no one should know thereof,—
Within a day or two to pay it off:
But now 'tis otherwise; because I find
All know my debt, whether or not I do it;
So I 've no longer any motive to it.

CL.

While in such gloomy colours I display
My Creditor, all readers—without doubt—
That he's a miserable wretch will say,
Who those Trè Giuli cannot live without:
Yet he in ruffles and toupèe goes out,
And wears his crimson mantle every day,
And in his splendid mansion all about
Has costly furniture in grand array.
But while I his Trè Giuli him refuse,
Whether by night or day he cannot rest,
Nor values aught of which he is possest.
Then who shall of injustice me accuse,
If his petitions I object to grant,
Since they proceed from wilfulness—not want.

CLI.

Let Fortune arm herself to work me woe,
And all her utmost rage against me stir,—
In me no more her anger wakes a fear,
Nor me is longer formidable to:
My Dun of the Trè Giuli now has so
Accustomed me his cruel wrongs to bear,
That I with patience can endure from her
The greatest ills and worst that she can do:
And e'en the pain these many woes have caused
Has been of use to me at last, tho' late;
For good may often be from ill deduced:
Nor ever will I fear from hostile fate;
Since cheerful midst my woes I sing, and thus
With my misfortunes I myself amuse.

CLII.

With brow of deepest gloom, and awful tone,
" Come!" said my Destiny to me one day;
While liberty of choice she left me none—
Whether to answer her with yea or nay.
Like one that 's blind I followed her, or one
That must his executioner obey—
Who binds his hands and hoodwinks, that alone
He cannot find the middle of the way:
Thro' hurricanes and whirlwinds me she led!
How tell what dreadful fears my heart alarmed,
While tripped my feet, and giddy turned my head?
But, from a thousand dangers when unharmed
She 'd drawn me, gave at length up int' th' hands
Of one that his Trè Giuli still demands.

CLIII

If I go where, with hurdle stake or net,
The Shepherd for his flock a pen has made,
And see the furious dog—nor can evade—
With foaming jaws come running up to meet,—
I look if stick or stone be near, to get,
And with such arms in hand I'm nought afraid;
Or search my pocket, and I give him bread,
When he grows pacified, and licks my feet.
With thee, however, that cannot be done;
For thou didst never listen to a prayer,
Nor boldest face e'er frightened thee, I 'll swear.
A harder heart, nor more unyielding one
Than thine, was never seen nor known till now,
Since even a dog's more tractable than thou.

CLIV.

These maxims hear, I give thee, to direct:
When we do good, my Brother! we should nor
Remember—nor the obligation score;
For praise nor merit can it then reflect.
The proverb says, which well I recollect,—
"Do good; but then about it think it more:
At length one day, tho' it be late before,
'Twill profit you when you the least expect."
Thus others do: but thou dost not do thus;
That, having lent me formerly Trè Giuli,
Dost night and day torment me and ill use.
Thy favour did me some small service, truly:
But there's no end to malice and ill-will;
So such a good's no better than an ill.

CLV.

A Proclamation's issued, it appears,
Prohibiting expressly—from this date—
All Eagles Sessini and French Deniers[18]
From longer passing current as of late.—
Both thou and I are most unfortunate!
I'd got all ready for thee my arrears—
A hundred and fifty Doits: but what of that?
They're Eagles every one—all rank Mounseers.
What's to be done? I have no other money:
Nor will I violate the Proclamation,
Nor put forbidden coin in circulation?
This method will I take—the best of any—
I'll put them in deposit, until when
That coin shall come in currency again.

CLVI.

Chrysophilus, his other parts among,
Such a phlegmatic temper has, so slow
A man there never was; and, right or wrong,
He never can determine—yes or no:
Whene'er you tell him—"Why d'you loiter so?
Get your work done, and don't stick there so long."—
What others would in half an hour do,
He will to more than half a day prolong.
By some—I know not what fatality,
He'll only change this dilatory way
To an extreme solicitude with me;
For, when he asks me for the Giuli Trè,
He shakes his sluggish nature off, nor can
There be a much more expeditious man.

CLVII.

The ternary number always seems, if scann'd,
To have some mystic meaning of its own:
Whatever act or rite three times be done,
For solemn and completed then doth stand.
The Fates, and Furies, were a triple band;
And Graces: Cerberus with three mouths did yawn;
Apollo's tripod was of great renown;
And Neptune's trident armed his dexter hand.
This same mysterious 3, e'er since the day
My triple Giuli's debt has made me grieve,
Amidst a thousand sorrows in this way,
Contains for me a certain power malefic,
That of all kinds of ills, I do believe,
Has been for me a fatal hieroglyphic.

CLVIII.

No warrior brave is he, tho' bearing arms,
That is not foremost to assail his foes:
But well a warrior's duty he performs,
To others that a bold example shows.
The sacred Priest, to piety that warms
The breast, and that expounds Religion's laws,
Whose precept to his practice not conforms,
Howe'er he preach—but little serves the cause.
Then, while thou dost not pay thy share of debt,
Why art thou so importunate with one
That is thy debtor; nor wilt e'er have done?
I 'll follow the example thou dost set;
Nor canst thou therefore lay the blame on me:
First pay thy Creditors, then I'll pay thee.

CLIX.

Thou 'rt in a passion with me, and would'st know
Why once for all I don't pay those Trè Giuli.—
Now listen, Creditor! what is most truly
My strongest plea—I've nothing to bestow:
Nor any can exception make nor flaw
To this good reason that avails me fully,
Tho' even he should come among us newly
Who made the digest—codex—and the law:
Nor will I, for thy sake, do aught that might
Be deemed unworthy of an honest man
Or clash in any way with what is right:
For every law and equitable plan
Protects a Debtor against every one
Who'd squeeze out money from him when he's none.

CLX.

So thou'lt not sue me for the Giuli Trè,
Lest I should plead them lent too long ago,
Or else to prove me knavish in some way,
Or with some other motive I can't know?
But I have no intention of doing so:
Moreover such a trifling sum to pay,
As is what I unfortunately owe,
Shall ne'er a fraudulent debtor me display.
Besides, the principal point does not consist
In my admission; nor till now have I
Denied the debt, (which does in fact exist,)
Nor ever will deny it;—I deny
To have cash: the difficulty that there is,
Oh my Chrysophilus! consists in this.

CLXI.

A man that always doth with patience hear,
Shall oft another's tongue wear out and jade.
But, my Chrysophilus! it can't be said
That between us things e'er did so appear;
Thou hitherto hast not worn out mine ear;
For to the present day I've not yet paid:
But thy eternal tongue has never stayed
From asking, and pursues its old career.
The point still moot remains: and were it tried
By any one, to settle whether thou
Or I have been the conqueror till now,—
I think he would be puzzled to decide
Which of us has th' advantage had throughout;
But still must let the question lie in doubt.

CLXII.

But I, by reason of the fact, do say
I have th' advantage of thee: thou alone,
Oh Creditor! a claim of *right* canst lay,
While I am in *possession* of the bone.
Now, if his case who's in possession may
Be always held the best, o'ertopped by none,
While I don't give thee back the Giuli Trè,
My case will always be the better one.
If hitherto the best of it I've had,
I will that superiority maintain;
Nor suffer that it may one day be said—
That, seeing finally resistance vain
Which to thy importunities I made,
I gave the contest up—and thou didst gain.

CLXIII.

Chrysophilus! what 'vails it, night and day,
Thou for thy cash persisting me to bore—
I sturdily refusing to restore—
To war against each other in this way?
Then let's make peace: the *status quo* of yore
We'll for the basis of agreement lay:
The terms shall be—I never to repay—
Thou never ask for thy Trè Giuli more.
But vain the hope! I know how that would be:
As well expect a Shylock would forget,
As want oblivion of a debt from thee!
The first time that by accident we met,
In asking for the news, or some such plea,
Thou 'dst break the treaty and demand thy debt.

CLXIV.

I kept some antient coin in a bureau
For thee, my Creditor! to pay thy score:
I found it under ground; a coin of yore:
That in the Consuls' time at Rome did go:
They are Sestertii minor,[19] equal to
Two Asses and a half, and worth therefore
Five Farthings each—perhaps say six—not more;
Their value may be estimated so.
In so many Sestertii I had meant
To pay thee; when, o'erhearing more than one
Disputing on th' amount for which they went;
I found it difficult in that same coin
To pay the Giuli Trè: for I won't give
Nor more nor less than thou should'st just receive.

CLXV.

I assure thee, Creditor! so do believe,—
That, had I had them on a former day,
I would have given thee back the Giuli Trè:
But what—whoe'er what they have not can give?
That which I have thou from me shalt receive;
And round thy brows my Muse shall twine a bay
In fadeless wreath of laudatory lay,
Whence shall thy name to future ages live.
Thou may'st observe how good my intention is,
Because I give thee all I have to spare;
I can but give thee Sonnets,—here they are:
But thou wilt not be paid in coin like this,
Nor in this shape receive thy money back:
Rolling thine eyes, dost seem to say "Oh lack!"

CLXVI.

There is no longer any hope so faint
To rid me of the cruel plagues and woes
My Dun inflicts upon; e'en, when he goes,
Tho' he should go where his grandfather went:
For, some days since, he made his testament,
Wherein he this condition doth impose
Upon his heir—" th' inheritance to lose,
Unless he dun me for the money lent."
Now when was ever equal malice heard,—
If that fell act, which plagues me night and day,
Must from himself be to his heirs transferred?
Not even Death can terminate nor kill
My woes, if my fell Creditor this way—
Alive or dead—must persecute me still.

CLXVII.

Do not be wroth, if on thy beauteous face,
That pierced me, Nisa! with so sweet a shaft,
I now no longer come to gaze so oft
As I was wont three months ago to gaze:
A Creditor doth me so plague and tease,
That every other care my bosom left
The day I got in debt; and, thence bereft,
No longer Love holds in my heart a place.
Believe it, Nisa! trust me when I say—
That Love and Debt can ne'er companions be:
Whence I think more about my Dun than thee.
Directly I made that debt, Love fled away;
I Love for those Trè Giuli quite forgot:
And thus one devil drove the other out.

CLXVIII.

My Nisa! do not be incensed with, nor
Incline to charge me with unfaithfulness;
My heart is still the same as herstofore,
Nor is thy beauty otherwise nor less:
But were it even she, in days of yore
That caused the fall of Troy, I do profess
I could not turn my thoughts upon thee more,
Nor less unseldom than I now address.
But wilt thou, Nisa! that, as wont with me,
I turn my heart and thoughts towards thee newly,—
Supply me with ('tis no great sum) Trè Giuli.
Nor let it seem thee strange: thou wouldst not be
The first fair lady of the present day
That kept herself a lover in this way.

CLXIX.

That bear's cub, Nisa! which the other day
My Lesbin found within its den, so tame
Already is become and full of game,
As often freely with the dog to play:
Alconius fancied it, and—for his flame
Nerina—asked it me; for which to pay,
He offered me the finest cup that may
Be seen, if I would let him have the same.
But let him keep his cup: alone for thee,
I, Nisa! keep my gift; and thou alone—
Had I a realm—should'st have a realm from me.
I know the gift is an unworthy one;
And would give more: but more what can he, truly,
That hath not wherewithal to pay Trè Giuli?

CLXX.

Seven times hath now the sun left Ganges' shore,
And him as oft immersed in Ocean depths,
While I in vain pursue my Nisa's steps,
Whether begin the day or whether o'er.
No more the woods—she roams the fields no more;
Nor longer from the limpid fountain sips,
Where oft she wont to bathe her rosy lips,
What time the noon-day beams intensely pour.
Must then, my Nisa! while I track thy way,
Thou, like the stag when by the dogs pursued,
With rapid flight thus still my chase elude?
While, by a strange and hard fatality,
If I attempt my Creditor to shun,
He follows me whichever way I run!

CLXXI.

If e'er beside the rivers' verdant marge,
Or seated 'neath the leafy oak, if e'er
With thee, my beauteous Nisa! I enlarge
On that sweet shaft that in my heart I bear;
And, trembling while 'tween doubtful hope and fear,
To end my tedious woes my suit I urge,
My amorous complaint thou wilt not hear,
Nor let me from the Giuli Trè diverge.
Ah! why deceive myself?—who cannot see
My love to thee has always hateful been—
My sorrows only pleasure gives to thee?
Thou cruel Fair! I cannot say—between
My love and debt—which grieves me most, or now
If most my Creditor afflicts or thou!

CLXXII.

Behold that knot of flowers, so fresh and fair
At early morn! full soon they must decay:
Such is thy beauty, scornful Nisa! rare
And blooming now, tho' doomed to fade one day.
Lo—how the breeze, here wafted from the bay,
Doth shake those flow'rs, and bend, now here, now there:
Inconstant Nisa! thus thy heart doth stray,
From one love to another changing e'er.
Go, pluck them; and thy looks..... no, let them slink
At foot those heaps obscene: now some one throws
A stone at them—and now another goes:
Now see how they do shrivel up and shrink,
And, like the Dun of the Trè Giuli, sink
Beneath heaped up indignities and "*No*"*es*.

CLXXIII.

My Nisa's image erst was wont to be
So present to my thoughts, that I could trace
Her golden hair, neat foot, and lovely face
Therein, and all her wondrous beauty see.
When, O my Dun! some time ago, in me
The strangest metamorphosis took place,
And by an odd fatality of case,
My Nisa all at once was changed to thee!—
And where had been a length of time engraved
Her image that had charmed me and enslaved,
Lo—what a precious figure! entered thou!
'Twas thus on Argos' plains, when from them banished,
Upon the sudden presence of a cow,
That Inachus' lovely daughter vanished.

CLXXIV.

The secret love, concealed within my heart,
Thus often inwardly doth prompt my strains—
"Ah! sing of her, whose each bewitching art
And peerless beauty made thee wear her chains:
Sing those bright eyes, whence issued forth the dart,
That—planted in thy breast—still there remains;
And that soft tongue, that did the flame impart,
Whose fervent glow thy bosom still retains."
When I, that never can oppose her will,
Address me to the lofty task; yet, thus,
Doubtful within myself the point discuss,—
"Now, if I find the cruel fair one still
On my complaint of sorrows take no pity,
'Twill turn to sing the Giuli Trè's old ditty."

CLXXV.

E'er since thy beauteous image in my heart
By Love's own hand was graven, until now,
Heaven truly knows, my sweetest Nisa! how
I always long to be where'er thou art.
But there's thy cousin watches thy resort,
Like Argos watching Io turned to a cow;
And most ferociously doth knit his brow,
When he sees any body pay thee court:
And, jealous as a man can ever be,
He will not let me converse hold with thee:
So with him I no intercourse will have.
Nisa! that cousin of thine has given me
Such a dislike, no other person—save
The Creditor o' th' Giuli Trè—e'er gave.

CLXXVI.

Adorning when her hair with flowers among,
And in her crimson gown attired, whose bloom
Makes her appear so charming,—if along
With other nymphs my Nisa goes to roam,—
The while, by such rare beauty overcome,
Gazing on her with full delight I hang,
The shafts of Love I've no protection from—
Of Love—that gives my heart so sweet a pang.
Yet, since my Nisa vanished from my sight,
Like something that in former times might be,
All thoughts of her have likewise taken flight;
But him of the Trè Giuli if I see,
My heart doth quake; and when I see no more,
He leaves his image present there before.

CLXXVII.

If ever, Nisa! I regain that same
Tranquillity of heart my lot once gave,—
If e'er from debt I can exemption claim,
Which doth me now with bitter sorrow grieve,—
I'll make Parnassus ring with thy sweet name,
Not less than Pindus; and a wreath I'll weave
Of praise immortal to thy beauty's fame:
And Nisa too her Poet then shall have.
But, too severe the sorrows are, that still
By day and night upon my quiet prey,
And that my heart with mournful sadness fill;
Nor can I wake appropriate numbers, till
The persecution of the Giuli Trè
Give over to torment me in this way.

CLXXVIII.

I saw it lighten several times at noon;
And then a violent wind got up,—the weather
Betokened rain,—the sky grew dark,—and soon
The thunder 'gan to make a dreadful pother.—
An lov'st me, Nisa! soon as dusk come on,
Eurilla call; with Elpin I will hither,
What time I shall have penned the flock anon;
And thus in chat we'll spend the night together:
Eurilla with her Elpin shall converse;
While I, my Nisa! hold with thee discourse:
And let it rain and thunder as it may;
For I should hope that, while so bad it is,
The teasing claimant of the Giuli Trè
Will not pursue me such a night as this.

CLXXIX.

Rise, Elpin! quit thy pillow: for, behold—
Already day in Orient lucid shows;
The flock already quits the opened fold,
And on the dewy blade to pasture goes.
I' th' neighbouring grove a fête to day they hold:
The shepherd-throng already thither flows;
There rural Pan in song shall be extoll'd;
And there will they relate their amorous woes.
Up, Elpin! rise, and take thy lute: I know
That thine the chieftest meed of song will be;
And that no other bard can vie with thee:
There, an it please thee, we'll together go;
And on my bagpipes I will also say
Some little matter on the Giuli Trè.

CLXXX.

Must I then still behold each lad—each lass—
  Of merriment and sweet enjoyment full,
  While, wrapt in melancholy thoughts and dull,
  Am doomed my fresh and youthful days to pass?—
And, brooding o'er my woes, that still amass,
  On gloomy cares must I still feed my soul?
  Must adverse Fortune still my fate controul?
  For me must Heaven be always dark? Alas!
And must the cruel plague, that hitherto
  Has fill'd my heart with sorrow, still torment,
  And persevere to vex, where'er I go?
Oh rigid Destiny! for once relent;
  And let me breathe in peace a single day
  From the remembrance of the Giuli Trè.

CLXXXI.

Fair Nisa! now I 'm near thee, to review
And gaze on that sweet face that charms me aye,
The sorrow, that tormented hitherto,
Has wholly left my heart and gone away:
I 'll rid me now of every care; and now
I 'll sing thee that same song I sung one day
To Amaryllis, when herself my brow
With wreaths adorned, so much she liked the lay.
And Lesbin! give me thou that cup, and down
The liquor pour, that shall my spirits arm
With strength and courage high 'gainst Fortune's frown.
Oh generous wine! thou dost my bosom warm
With full delight: thou art a deadly weapon
Against my Dun o' th' Giuli Trè to clap on.

CLXXXII.

Great Bacchus! what delights thy fountains pour!
Thou art the real happiness of man:
On all their past adversity and pain,
Alone thro' thee the wretched think no more:
Thou fill'st the blood with warmth unfelt before;
The weight of age thou teachest to sustain;
And, shaking growing coldness off again,
The genial glow of youth thou dost restore.
Now from thy veins would'st thou supply my own,
O mighty Bacchus! in the purple juice
My every care and gloomy thought I'd drown:
Would'st thou in me thy rage divine transfuse,
With gladsome heart I'd skip and dance away
Before the Creditor o' the Giuli Trè.

CLXXXIII.

What means within me this unwonted glow,
That sweetly wraps me from myself away?
What fire all up and down my veins doth flow?
Hip! hip! hip! Bacchus for ever! hurrah!
But who is this that comes towards me now?—
Whoe'er thou art, keep off! begone! I say:
Alas! I know thee now—my Dun art thou—
Thou art the Creditor o' th' Giuli Trè.
Great Liber! give me a while that thyrsus, which
The mocker of thy majesty withal
On Rhodope's high crags thou erst did switch:
The Creditor shall here thy victim fall!—
A memorable warning giving thus
To all who plague their debtors as he does.

CLXXXIV.

Hark, Osmin! quick as e'er you can, forthwith,
Go pluck the bitter wormwood's leaf, and take
The bristled holly, thistle from the heath,
And prickly thorn,—of which a bundle make:
Add thereunto the beet from ground beneath,
And slimy mallows also, if you reck;
Then bring them me: I want to make a wreath,
With which a most unworthy head to deck.
But, to Pan's temple first the Fauns invite;
And Satyrs with the cloven foot there cite;
Charging them all to come by dawn of day:
While to the ceremony then I 'll bring
With me the Creditor o' the Giuli Trè,
And there of plaguy fellows crown him King.

CLXXXV.

This is the fatal spot, Sir! where one day
Chrysophilus lent me Trè Giuli: there
He drew his purse and opened it; and here
Reluctantly told out the Giuli Trè:
It wa'n't a step beyond the place, or e'er
He 'gan already asking me to pay;
And from that time, tormenting me this way,
The stingy Dun has followed every where.
The spot is baleful, Sir! and we must purge:
With logs of wood hewn by the moon's cold rays
Now make a magic fire, and round its verge
Keep turning barefoot, sprinkling o'er the blaze
With lustral water: twice and thrice then cry—
" Get out of this—hence, evil Spirit, fly!"

CLXXXVI.

Lo—where the boatman to the water side
Approaches with his little skiff: now go,
My Nisa! take a pleasant sail, or row,
Upon the tranquil bosom of the tide.
Cymodoce, that roams the ocean wide,
With hair in corals twined herself shall show;
And that bright goddess, Hercules loved so,
For spiteful envy in the wave shall hide.
If Glaucus, Palæmon, or Proteus,
On thee shall bend their looks, I don't conceal
That jealousy and anger I shall feel:
But, unless he 's a beast amphibious,
At least thou shalt not have about thy way
The Grand Tormentor of the Giuli Trè.

CLXXXVII.

Blows Aquilo, the atmosphere now chills,
And sidelong now the Sun inclines his rays;
Bereft of leaves henceforth the grove now stays,
And snow already covers all the hills:
Come, friendly Season! if the grief that fills
My bosom nothing hitherto allays,
Now that the skies are cold, and wet the days,
Perhaps thou 'lt bring some respite to my ills.
In torrents let the rain come down and floods,
As much as erst in Noah's time did come;
For then at least the Dun will stay at home:
And if he 's not a wildman of the woods,
He cannot come so frequently and duly
As now he does to ask me for Trè Giuli.

CLXXXVIII.

Bleak Winter's reign henceforth is past and o'er;
North winds and nipping frosts no longer sway;
And now the swallow comes from Egypt's shore,
To breathe with us a more refreshing day;
The verdant leaf has clothed the grove once more;
With flowers and grass again the meads are gay;
Again the turtle's voice is heard to pour,
And Philomel renews her wonted lay.
Now at this time, the fairest of the year,
The shepherdess and shepherd joyful love
In mirthful dance the nimble foot to move:
Alone I mope in sadness and despair;—
The boring claimant of the Giuli Trè
For me each pleasure mars or turns away.

CLXXXIX.

When in the world's primeval age, 'mong men,
Pure Nature's precepts were their actions' guide,
They had community of goods between,
With equal rights and freedom on each side:
But thirst of *having*, afterwards, 'twas seen,
Of *mine* and *thine* found the distinction wide;
And by reciprocal exchanges then
Each other's wants they mutually supplied.
But, by such barter, as in every case
They could not always equalness maintain,
Money was substituted in its place:
This subsequently carried in its train
A store of woes, of which unto this day
I too have borne a part for Giuli Trè.

CXC.

Superfluous prolixity of clack,
Chrysophilus! I've great objection to;
I love substantial brevity in talk,—
The style that Sparta used awhile ago:
Thus the Byzantine magistrates did balk
The Macedonian of a passage thro'
Their territories, and opposed his walk,
With one—but a sonorous downright "*No!*"[20]
This sturdy "No"—this plain unvarnished "Yes"—
Are tokens of an honest heart nor false,
That thus its real sentiments express:
So, when thou ask'st me for the Giuli Trè,
If with a "*No*" I answer—nothing else,
Let this in me a heart sincere display.

CXCI.

When from her den the tigress, mad with wrath,
Misses her cubs, the hunter just has ta'en,—
Him after, that already flies amain,
She foaming springs, and swiftly closes with:
But he throws down a mirror in her path;—
She foolish stays to look, then starts again;
Another drops,—she views herself therein,
And gives the robber time to 'scape his death.
Thus if my Creditor come 'cross my way,
One of my Sonnets soon I make him hear;
He listens to, then wants the Giuli Trè;
With other Sonnets still I persevere,
And entertain him thus and keep at bay,
Until by little and little I get clear.

CXCII.

What will not, to be talked about one day,
The ambitious man attempt? for future fame,
Some sweat 'neath weight of arms in war's fierce game,
And to the hostile blows the breast display:
Some give their weary eyes no rest, while they
O'er learned leaves grow pale: with views the same,
He, that Diana's temple fired, his name
Intended to immortalize that way.
How fortunate, Oh Creditor! art thou;
Since without any merit of thy own,
Risk, art, or skill, thy name is famous now;
And haply it shall carry its renown
To after times: yet thou dost nothing more
Than always me for those Trè Giuli bore!

CXCIII.

Should'st thou do greater feats than did of yore
Orlando, Rhodomonte, or Ferrau,[21]
Or he that made Darius to him bow,
Or Charles, the Mounseers' mighty Emperor;
Had no one in the world more sense than thou,
More virtue, valour, wisdom, wit, or lore;
And didst thou even know a little more
Than he who found the rule of three ere now;—
Thy name, O Creditor! to latest ages
Would not become so celebrated nearly,
As now, henceforth recorded in these pages,
The importunity (alike to shame us)
Thou'st always plagued me with both late and early,
For ever and for ever will be famous.

CXCIV.

Perhaps that some will blame me in this thing;
Others perhaps will think it too long spun,
Because I harp upon no other string
Than the Trè Giuli and my plaguy Dun;
And, as a fertile vein for more than fun
Apollo gave, and taught me how to sing,
Would have me to a loftier verse attune
The feats of some great Chief or mighty King.
But, as the hardships he has undergone,
And battles in which he a part has ta'en,
The soldier always goes descanting on,—
So of my Dun, from whom I've borne such pain,
And of my debt I likewise talk,—as doth
The tongue still come upon the aching tooth.

CXCV.

When autumn rain falls over night, and from
The golden East the sun dispreads his ray,
On the wet soil the dangerous mushroom
A brief appearance makes and rots away:
Such in futurity would be thy doom,
With nothing that immortalise thee may,
Excepting the Trè Giuli, with which sum
I 'll make thee famous thro' the world for aye.
And the ancient miser shall hereafter thee
For an example rare and type display
T' his prodigal son, and thus to him shall say,—
" My son! would'st thou also grow rich like he,
Him imitate, that was in days of yore
The Debtor's most afflicting scourge and bore.".

CXCVI.

These tuneful plaints, I to the winds disperse,
One morning to Chrysophilus I read;
Which when he'd heard me to the end rehearse,
He with unmoved rigidity thus said,—
" Not song I want from thee, but to be paid;
For poetry ne'er yet could fill the purse;
Instead of wasting time, too long delayed,
Me once for all prepare to reimburse."
I answered him—" Sufficient care I've borne;
And to this hour the Giuli Trè's old score
Has in my side still been a painful thorn;
I'm tired—and will think of it no more;
An wilt be paid, it is thy business now;
I've hitherto—now think upon it thou."

CXCVII.

Unwise is he, that, in the cheerful days
Of early youth's green spring, with barren fame
Is charmed; and, idly basking in its rays,
That lives enslaved by Glory's empty name;
If uselessly with Poesy's bright flame
Apollo warmed my breast; and, for my lays,
Now on Parnassus' top—and now I aim
On lofty Helicon to pluck the bays;—
Since that my Creditor the Muse disdains,
And far from Cyrrha turns his steps till now,
Nor with th' unfading leaf will deck his brow,
Nor is well-pleased with sweet poetic strains,
Nor deems the tuneful verse that here I weave
Worth his Trè Giuli—which he 'd rather have.

CXCVIII.

A man of squeaking voice, of middle age,
Tall, shrivelled, thin, and stooping that doth go;
So slow and dull, it puts one in a rage;
Irresolute—no man was ever so;
Tenacious of whate'er he may alledge,
Inquisitive for news going to and fro;
If asked a question, there he stays on edge
For half an hour, without saying Yes or No;
But above all such an inveterate bore,
So clamorous and troublesome he is,
That his true character consists in this:
Should any one now wish to know him more,
And ask who is the man I thus display,—
This is the Creditor o' th' Giuli Trè.

CXCIX.

Whoe'er the voice of my lament has heard,
With which these melancholy leaves I fill,
And the complaints I 've all along preferred
'Gainst him who lent me Giuli Trè erewhile,—
Perhaps will say that I 've done wrong, and erred,
To treat a worthless subject in this style,—
And that Apollo has in vain conferred
This heavenly gift on me, to use so ill:
But who can know the man that to my song
The motive gives, and what the sorrow is
That wrings my heart, and has made pine so long?
Whoe'er can know that often inwardly
I do not weep my real miseries
Beneath the pretext of the Giuli Trè?

CC.

Last night, within my chamber while immured,
And, by the radiance that a rushlight shed,
Singing the woes I 've from my Dun endured,
Apollo stood before, and thus he said,—
" Thou 'st jested now enough—thy debt is paid:
If Honour's call be in thy bosom heard,
Wake themes by which thou 'lt be immortal made."
Then on me stern he frowned, and disappeared.
A heavy trance came o'er my senses then,—
The lyre fell from my hand, within my throat
The accents stuck; and went the candle out:
But coming to myself at last again,
" Here then, said I, henceforth good night I say,
For ever to my Dun and Giuli Trè!"

EPILOGUE.

Hail, fellow Rhymsters all! be of good cheer:
  Pluck up new courage Fortune to oppose;
  And hold in utter scorn the world of prose;—
Henceforth to you expands a bright career!
Each Poet now may be his own cashier:
  We've here a panacea 'gainst all woes,
  With means to bid defiance to our foes;
Nor dinners' want nor durance need we fear.
And tremble ye—vile Duns—obnoxious race!
  For now a brother Bard, in moving strains,
  Has taught us how to pay you for your pains,
And treat a Creditor in future case;
  Like this one, gibbetted and hung in chains,
  Tucked *in terrorem* up to what remains!

NOTES.

Note 1, Sonnet xiii.

Father G. Daniel, a French historian of the seventeenth century, author of the work entitled "A Voyage to the World of Descartes," wherein he examines that philosopher's fanciful hypotheses.

Note 2, Sonnets xxvlii, xci.

This is the balm-cricket; one of the *Gryllus* family; and, however it be classed, certainly of the stridulous species: it is common to the South of Europe.

Note 3, Sonnet xxxix.

This simple Sonnet, extemporaneously written, suggested the work.

Note 4, Sonnets xlii, cxiii.

These were written during the "Seven Years' War" 1756—63.

Note 5, Sonnet lxi.

It is not certain what Queen Bertha is here alluded to, but probably the wife of Pepin the Short, and mother to Charlemagne, as in those days Ladies of even the very highest rank were accustomed to work for their Lords. *Du temps que la Reine Berthe filait* is an adage still in use among the French, in reference to the olden time. To our own Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, this country owes the abolition of Paganism.

Note 6, Sonnet lxiii.

To "kick the bucket" (if the phrase may be here allowed) is a sea-term for the final exit.

Note 7, Sonnet lxv.

This alludes to the unsuccessful invasion of the Neapolitan territory by the Austrians and Hungarians under Prince Lobkowitz in 1744, when they penetrated as far as Veletri, but were eventually repulsed. On their advance, being encamped near the city, the Romans used to go out and look at them with astonishment and admiration, conceiving them very formidable from their "barbarous" clothing and harsh-sounding language. (See *Bonamici's* History of that War.)

Note 8, Sonnets lxxxii, lxxxiii.

A slight deviation from the original has here been made in using general terms, to avoid the necessity of explaining it by a long account of the Italian lotteries; these may be seen described in detail in Blunt's Vestiges, p. 272, and Rose's Letters, vol. 1, p. 72.

Note 9, Sonnets lxxxiv, cxxii.

Arabian writers on the *Cabala* or occult science; also sometimes familiarly called with us the "Black Art," from an erroneous connection of it with that of modern "Abstraction,"* formerly so called from its practitioners—the Robin Hood gentry—being usually masked or disguised with black.

Note 10, Sonnet xcv.

This society was composed of any number of persons, who united for the purpose of mutual assistance in the event of falling into poverty: they were accustomed to have suppers and entertainments at their common expense, each contributing his proportion; and were called Eranists (*græcè* Ερανιστα*ι*, collectors, *quasi* mendicants) from soliciting relief for any of their members who might be in want. *See Athænæus, l.* 8, *c.* 16, *and Gronovius, Thes. Græc. Ant. vol.* 6, *p.* 373. Akin to this was our ancient "Bid-ale" or "Help-Ale."

* "Convey" the wise it call: *steal?* foh! a fico for the phrase.
Pistol. M. W. of W. A. 1, S. 3.

Note 11, Sonnet xcvii.

This circumstance, omitted by some historians, is mentioned by Livy, l. 5, c. 48, and Florus, l. 1, c. 13.

Note 12, Sonnet civ.

Orlando Furioso, canto 34.

Note 13, Sonnet cxiii.

See Note 4 to Sonnet 42.

Note 14, Sonnet cxvi.

This was written on hearing some music. Plato, in the tenth book of his Republic, gives a most whimsical hypothesis on "Celestial Music," imagining the Heavens to be subdivided into eight revolving concentrical circles, on each whereof presides a Syren, diffusing her own modulated tones around, and all uniting in a common harmony: Plutarch speaks of this theory in his Treatise on Music. See also the *Somnium Scipionis* (sect. 5), wherein Cicero follows Pythagoras, for a beautiful fancy on the "Music of the spheres."

Note 15, Sonnet cxxviii.

Some of the dialects of Latin origin, as the modern Italian, French, and others, seem to have been at one time distinguished by their affirmative particle; an instance of which still exists in the name of that part of France called *Languedoc*; and Italy is called by Dante, *De la Volg. Eloq. c.* 33, "*Il bel paese del* SI." So the Provençal Minstrels, and the Romance-writers of more Northern France, have respectively been called "Poets of *oc*," and "Prosers of *oui*." See Fontanini, *Dell. Eloq. Ital.* c. 30. Trissino *Epist.* c. 8. Sismondi's Literary History, vol. 1, p. 38, 270. also Dr. Moore's Essay on the origin of Romance.

The "Vulgar Tongue" (*Lingua volgare*) is the oral or common idiom of Italy, corrupted from the Latin; so called to distinguish it from its original, formerly that of letters and the learned.

Note 16, Sonnet cxxix.

In these days of novelty and enterprize, when several distinct

arms of the ocean have already been united, and no less is contemplated than a junction of the Atlantic and Pacific seas, it is not uninteresting to look back at similar projects of former ages. The separation of the Corinthian isthmus has been frequently attempted, by some of the greatest names in antiquity, and equally in vain. Notwithstanding the failure of Alexander, J. Cæsar, and others, it was lastly undertaken by Nero, with no better success. See Pausanias, l. 2, c. 1; also, Univ. Hist. vol. 5, p. 566.

Note 17, Sonnet cxxxii.

Orlando Furioso, canto 15 passim.

Note 18, Sonnet clv.

Small coin, current in Italy in the early part of the last century.

Note 19, Sonnet clxiv.

The Roman Sestertius (the lesser Sesterce), worth nearly three halfpence of our money, is here to be distinguished from the Sestertium (the greater), whose value corresponds to about £8. sterling. So that our worthy Poet would have required about nine Sestertii to liquidate his debt.

Note 20, Sonnet cxc.

Byzantium (according to some writers) was founded by the Spartans, and thus might naturally be equally sparing of words. On another occasion Philip, having invaded Laconia, proposed some terms to the Lacedemonians, to which the only answer he could obtain was "*No.*"

Note 21, Sonnet cxciii.

Personages in the Orlando Furioso: What follows is not too much to say of his fame: however troublesome a fellow, Chrysophilus will live as long as his language.

THE END.

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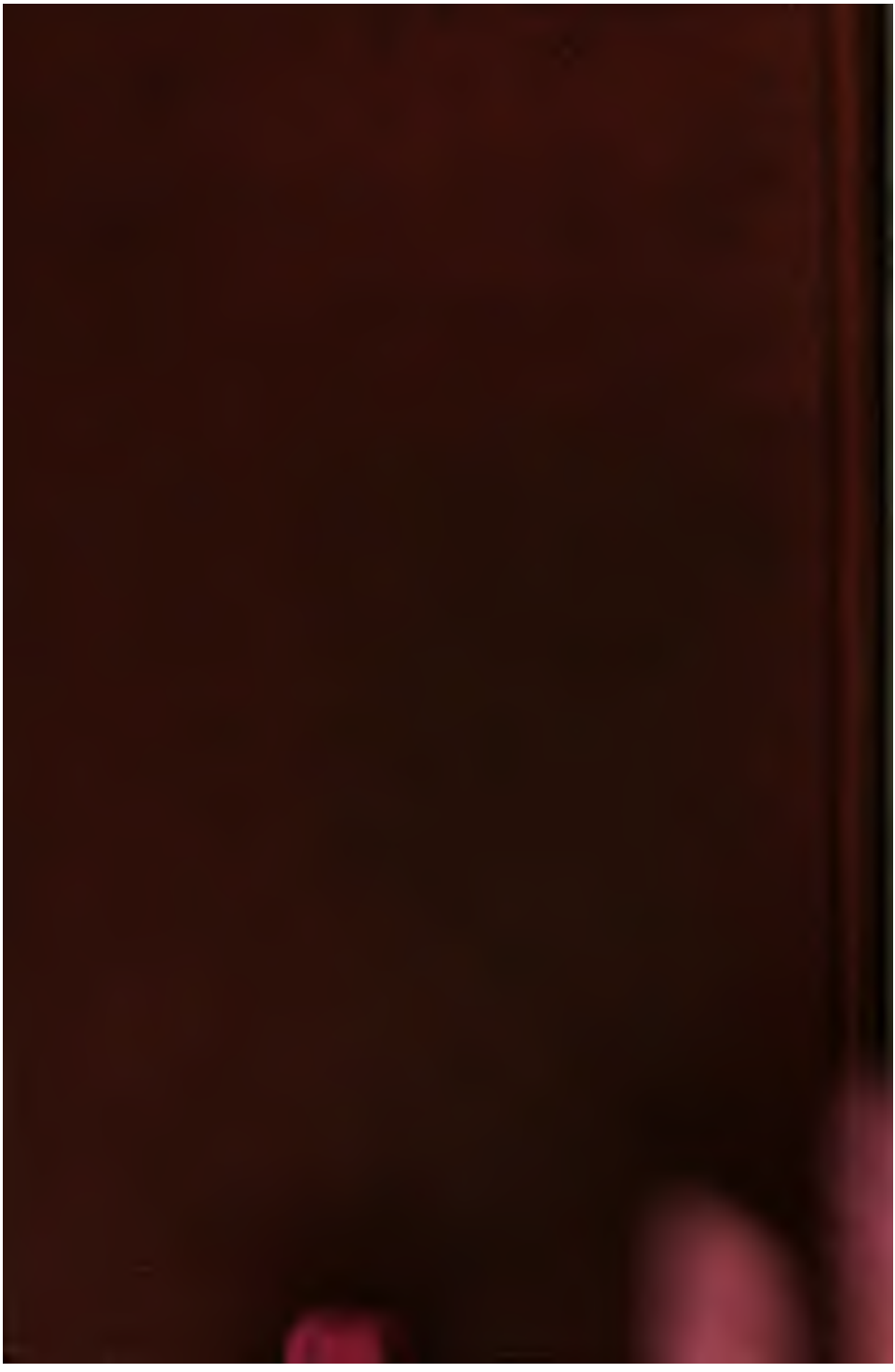
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